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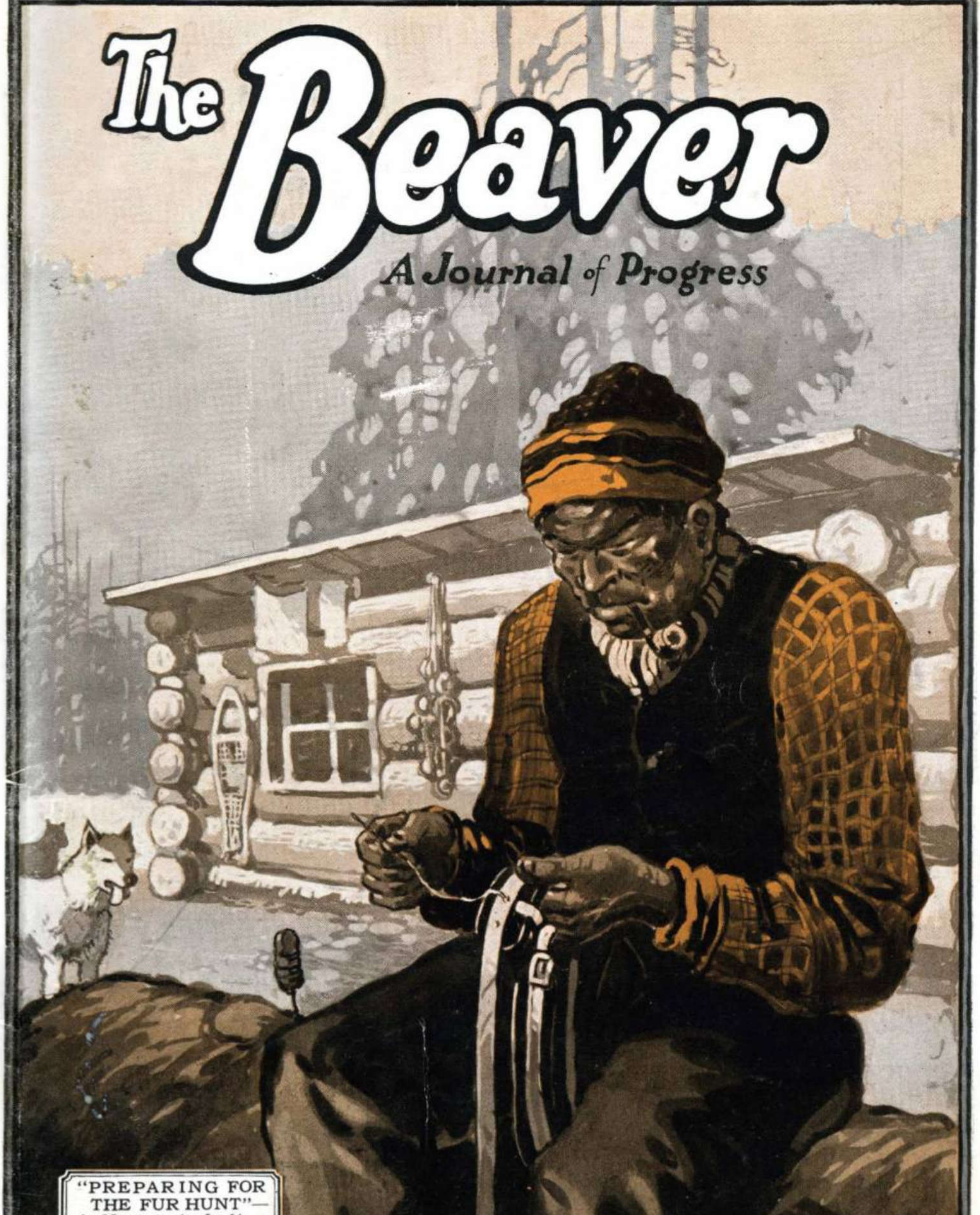
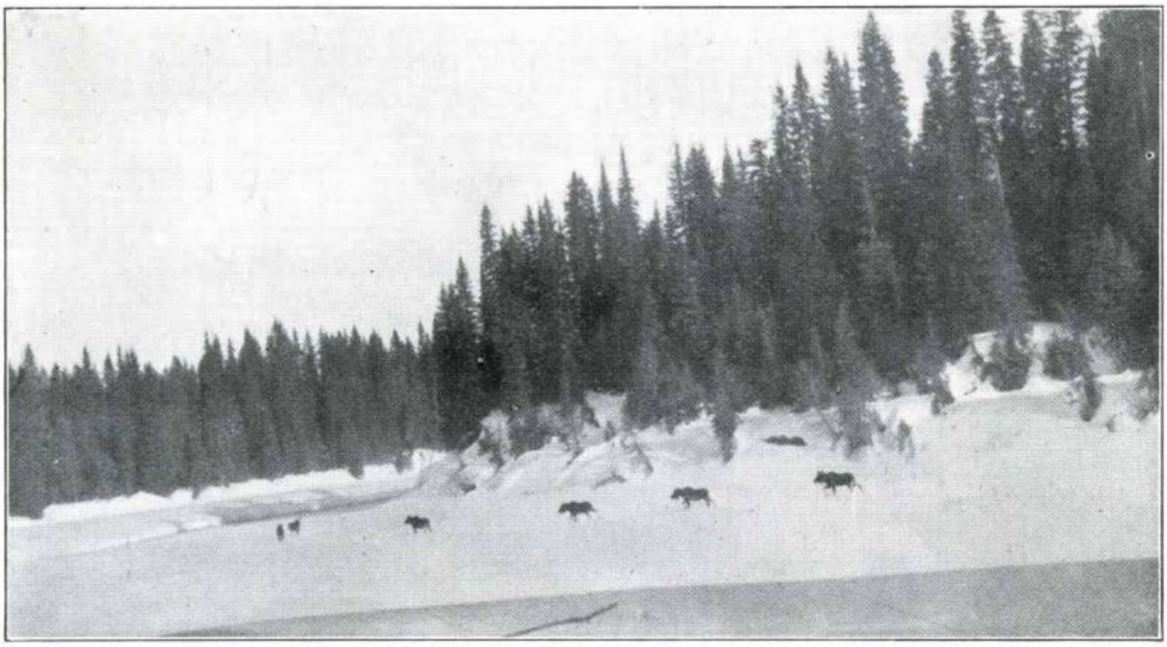
The Beaver

A Journal of Progress



"PREPARING FOR THE FUR HUNT"—
A Montagnais Indian mending his dog harness.

Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company



Six bull moose, single-filing up the Fraser river, British Columbia

THE MOOSE—AN EMBLEM OF CANADA

PERHAPS the greatest big-game asset Canada possesses is the moose. From a close-up view he is ungainly, but at a distance is pleasing to the eye. The moose is certainly interesting at all times.

The photograph accompanying this article is unusual. It was obtained on the upper Fraser river when the snow was sufficiently deep to cause moose to travel Indian file but before it was sufficiently deep to prevent them from travelling. When that time arrives he will select a spot in the thick timber that will have plenty of moss hanging from the trees to enable him to subsist until spring has caused much of the snow to disappear. Staying in one spot for weeks, moose tramp the snow down until it is quite hard. It is then called a moose yard.

Should one happen on one of these yards and venture to intrude, the moose will attack, rising on hind legs and striking with sharp front hoofs.

The Cassiar section of British Columbia has had an abundance of moose since 1870. Naturally they spread in the direction that will offer the most food, with the result that they have now crossed the Fraser river a distance of perhaps eight hundred miles. During the season of 1921 eleven fine heads were taken in the Cassiar district by visiting sportsmen, including Prince Youssouf Kamal of Cairo, Egypt, whose hunting trip was conducted by H.B.C.

It has been suggested that the moose should be classed with the beaver and the maple leaf as another Canadian emblem.—*C. H. French.*

Trees For Canada's Prairies

Tree-Planting Campaign of Canadian Forestry Association a Vitally Important Work—Shelter Belts to Stop Soil Drifting, Protect Livestock, Orchards and Gardens—Trees to Make Vast Prairies More Liveable

THE ample resources of the rich Canadian prairie west cannot be fully opened up and developed while it remains a vast treeless plain, according to the view of Holman Gregory, K.C., M.P. of the British House of Commons, who this autumn completed a coast-to-coast tour of the country. That in brief is an Englishman's first impression of the prairie provinces.

The urgent need for systematic planting of trees and the cultivation of shelter belts throughout the great grain producing area of the west has for several years appealed to thinking Canadians. Some have gone so far, indeed, as to declare that the question of tree planting is so important as to affect the very *stability of population* in southwestern Manitoba, southern Saskatchewan and Alberta. Trees will be needed to insure the permanency of agricultural production over that vast stretch of country.

The cultivation of trees on the prairies will prevent soil drifting and other forms of wind damage. Shelter belts protect live stock and enable the farmer to get better results in the planting of orchards and vegetable gardens. Trees will make a remarkable difference in the appearance of the now monotonous stretches of prairie, taking away the baldness and making the western farm more homelike.

Business men of Winnipeg and other western cities were the first to urge that the vital need of tree planting be brought home to the farmers and ranchers of the prairies through an educational campaign. Many of the leading corporations of Canada quickly enlisted their active support for the idea. Then the question arose, "Through what agency will the campaign be carried on? Is it a matter for the dominion or provincial governments to take in hand?—or is it better that some independent citizens' organization should develop the project?"

This problem was happily solved when the Canadian Forestry Association in 1919 was aked to assume charge of the movement. How logical that this association of public-spirited citizens, organized to promote the conservation of Canada's forests, should be asked to help save the prairies by limited forestation. The association, which is not identified with the dominion or provincial governments but is supported solely by public subscription, has already done much along educational lines to save the nation's valuable forests. Though the prairie tree-planting campaign is but one of its several enterprises in many parts of Canada, remarkable progress has been made toward educating the farmers and their children—the future citizens of the west—in the possibilities of tree cultivation.

In its first stages, the campaign was carried on by means of a railway coach equipped as a lecture car with sloping floor and special seating, electrical generators and motion-picture equipment. Two lecturers, one of whom was Mr. Archibald Mitchell, a widely known tree-planting expert with thirty years' experience under prairie conditions, held public meetings, afternoon and evening, in hundreds of communities with such excellent daily attendances as to overtax the capacity of the car.

In 1921, and again during the past summer, the government of Saskatchewan allowed the car to be attached to their Better Farming Train and in that way brought tree-planting propaganda to the attention of over 30,000 persons in central and southern Saskatchewan. Between April 1st and October 1st of this year the tree-planting car travelled 5,200 miles in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Four hundred meetings were held during this time and 49,000 people were in attendance at the lectures. As many as 51 lectures were delivered in a single week.

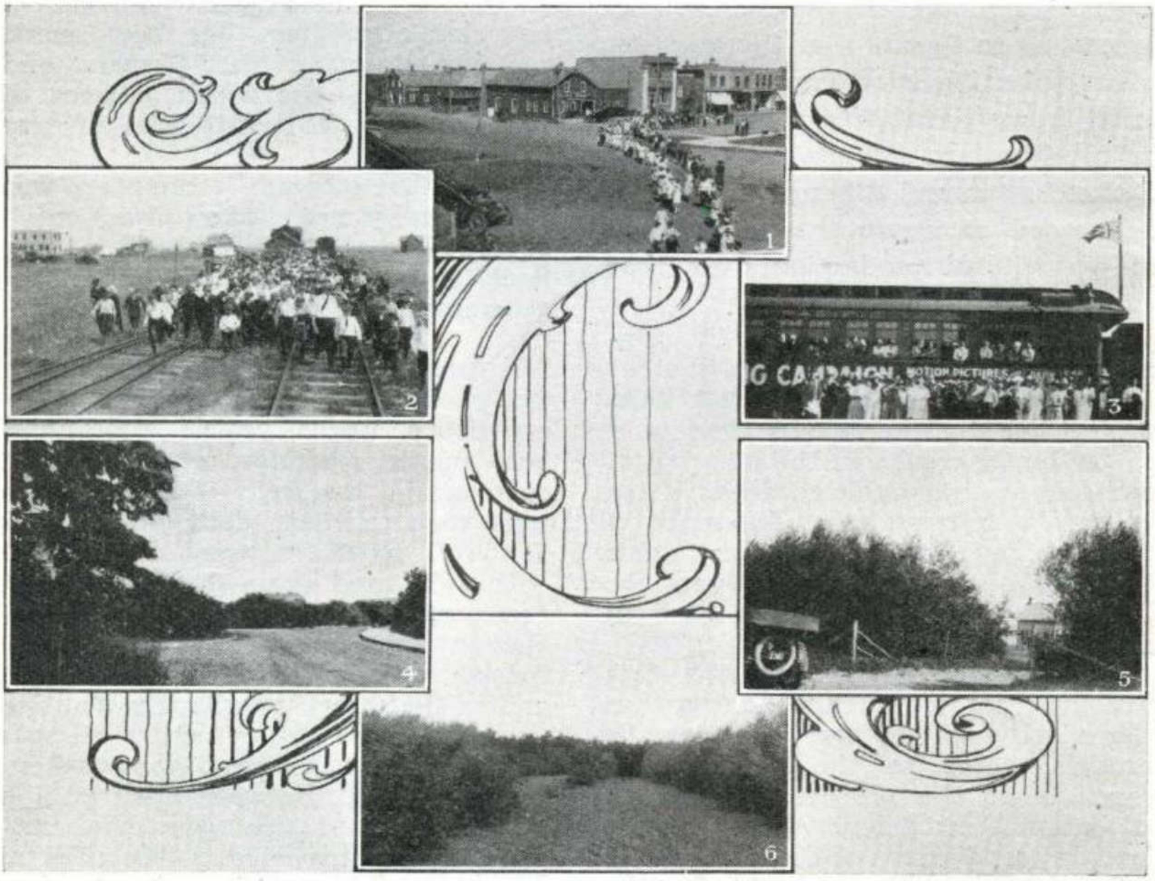
The association's tree-planting campaign has broadened out until the efforts of the lecturers are now accompanied by the distribution of constructive propaganda through the daily and weekly newspapers and the use of lantern slide sets in the schools.

The admitted success of the two demonstrators and lecturers and the railway car auditorium, which drew fifty thousand enquirers this season, is based upon the fact that the rapid extension of tree planting on prairie farms depends very largely upon the practical instruction and inspiration which only these enterprises can give.

Following are a few extracts from the "log" of the tree-planting car for the 1922 season:

> There is no end of public interest shown. The car is filled every night to capacity, besides having the school children in the forenoon and sometimes in the afternoon as well.
>
> We had a fine meeting on Monday. The Normal students numbered 200.
>
> On every hand we find plain indications that the tree-planting movement is becoming general throughout the west. One can hardly pick up a paper without reading something about it. Most of the bigger places had their arbour day this year, with fine success.
>
> *Duchess, Alberta, April, 1922:* We spoke to 45 children in the afternoon. Good audience at night. Discussion lasted until midnight.
>
> *Jenner, Alberta:* Had 72 children and teachers this morning. All of them greatly interested. Many of them had never seen movies before.
>
> *Empress, Alberta:* During morning many visited the car looking for advice. In afternoon 67 school children came aboard. Evening lecture attended by 109 people, including a delegation of 27 business men.

The Hudson's Bay Company, which is so vitally interested in the settlement and development of the West, has been a supporter and contributor to the activities of the Canadian Forestry Association since its inception, and considers that the function of the association cannot be too highly regarded and encouraged.



VIEWS—(1) The children of Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, marching with their teachers to the tree-planting car. (2) The "battalion of youth" at Neptune, Saskatchewan, on the way to a lecture. (3) The Canadian Forestry Association's tree-planting car. (4) Entrance to the University grounds, Saskatoon, showing trees and shrubs. (5) Entrance to a farm near Perdue, Saskatchewan. (6) A thriving orchard and vegetable garden at Winnifred, Alberta, a direct result of the presence of sheltering trees planted by the farm owner.

INDIANS OF THE PLAINS

—Their Habits and Mode of Life as Seen by a Missionary Who Worked Among Them Half a Century Ago

By REV. J. HINES

WHEN the writer arrived in the Saskatchewan country prairie Indians had no fixed abode; they lived by the chase and pursued the buffalo wherever they roamed. Often they spent the winter on the bleak prairies, and the only artificial means of keeping themselves warm was by collecting the dried bones of the slain buffalo that were plentiful in those days and using them as fuel.

Grease in those far-away days was plentiful among the Indians, and I have been told by those who wintered on the prairies that they used to get a bleached buffalo head and fill the holes where the eyes, ears and horns had been with hard fat taken from the recently slaughtered buffalo. Having placed the skull in the centre of the tent, they set fire to it, and as the bone became hot it absorbed the grease and so kept burning for hours, giving out both light and heat.

In those early days the Indians, men and women, used to dress themselves in leather garments which they made from the hides of the buffalo. They removed the hair by a process of scraping and toned down the hide in a similar way, and then, by a process of washing and wringing, the skin was made pliable. If needed for wearing apparel, it was tanned by smoking. The skin was folded up and sewn into a sort of bag; this bag was suspended bottom upwards to a horizontal pole high enough to allow the mouth of the bag to touch the ground slightly. Then very dry bark or decayed wood, which they gathered from the forests and which was generally kept in stock and carried about by the Indians wherever they went, was placed under the bag and set fire to, and the bag was then pinned to the ground to keep in the smoke. This touchwood, or tinder, would smoulder away, giving forth a quantity of smoke, and after a short time the smoke could be seen percolating through the pores of the leather. This was kept up until the whole of the leather was thoroughly tanned by the smoke. The object of the treatment was to prevent the leather from becoming hard and unwearable after having been made wet by either perspiration or rain. Without this tanning the leather would dry hard and shrivel up, and it would be impossible to use the garment again; but, having been smoked, the leather could be dried and with a little rubbing the garment would then be as soft and pliable as the day it was first made.

In the summer time the Indians used very little clothing. The men might wear a pair of leather leggings, which would reach half way up their thigh and which were kept in place by a string of leather tied to another piece fastened round their waist as a sort of belt.

The only other garment worn was a breechcloth, made either of leather or a piece of blanket about a foot wide. This was placed between their legs, and the ends were passed under the belt fore and aft, to use a nautical phrase, the ends being long enough to hang down about a foot in order to keep the cloth in its place. Frequently, however, the men dispensed with their leggings and were considered fully dressed if they wore a breechcloth only.

An Indian dressed in this fashion used to work in my field, and I often wondered that his back never became blistered by the sun. Whenever I went near him he used to clap his hand on his shoulder and say, "*kis-sas-tao,* boy" (it is hot), boy being the only word in English that he was able to say. This Indian was a Saulteaux, and his name signified "pushed behind the tent pole."

The women clothed themselves with a sort of skirt made either from the same leather or of blue cloth purchased from the traders. The garment resembled a wide sack. A deep hem was made at one end, through which was passed a string of leather to tie around the waist. The skirt was usually short and seldom reached below the knee.

In making themselves bodices they took a piece of one or other of the materials mentioned, about two feet wide and four feet long, and cut a hole in the centre through which they placed their heads. Having put on the garb in this fashion, an assistant was needed to make the costume complete. This was done by gathering the sides together and putting a few stitches under each of the arms to keep it from flapping about, and a few stitches here and there joined the jacket to the skirt. Sewing garments on the backs of women and children was neither uncommon nor inconvenient, because they were seldom changed until they were worn out. Then in many cases the old garment was not removed, but put out of sight by putting a new one on top. During a visit from a doctor to certain Indians in the Saskatchewan for the purpose of vaccinating them, one of his assistants made a remark about the thickness of some of their skins and how difficult it was to find blood. He was, however, encouraged to persevere and not be surprised if he came upon a lost shirt before he drew blood. I was not present when this remark was made or I should have rebuked the man for his levity; but it certainly used to be their custom not to discard a garment so long as it would hold together on their backs.

The dresses worn by the Indians in winter differed only in this respect: in addition to their summer garb, they enveloped themselves either in a H.B.C. blanket or more frequently with a buffalo robe. These robes were made by the Indian women, and I believe were more difficult to make than leather, as all the work required to soften the skin had to be done on one side.

Their tents were also made of the skins of the buffalo, made first into leather and then cut and stitched together so as to make an evenly shaped "tepee." Women who knew how to cut and shape a tent well in this way were considered among the cleverest of their tribe.

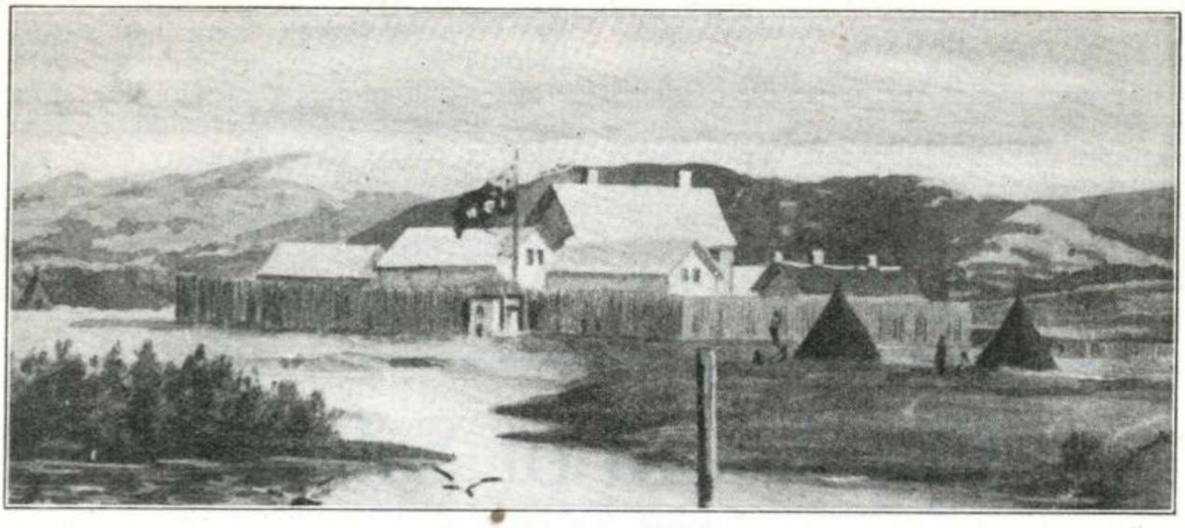
The harness used both for their dogs and horses was also made out of buffalo skin; but in this latter case not so much labour was bestowed upon the dressing, as the material used for this purpose was more like parchment.

Strings cut from this kind of parchment were also used in making the network of snowshoes. In fact, the buffalo provided not only food and wearing apparel for the Indians but also a substitute for iron; as, for instance, when the felloes of a cart became out of repair and showed signs of coming apart the Indian would take a strip of rawhide about six or eight inches wide, soak it well in water, then place it on the outside of the rim of the wheel and, with strings of thong, lace the edges, drawing them as near together as possible. This rawhide would shrink in drying, drawing the felloes together and holding them as strongly and stiffly as if bound with iron. In damp weather, of course, the hide would stretch, but the wood would also swell; and when the weather was dry enough to cause the wood to shrink, the hide shrank with it and so kept the wheel tight.

The Indians were very fond of fresh meat, and this they ate without salt, sauce, vegetables or bread. The plains Indians liked their food properly cooked; they did not like it done to death, neither did they eat it raw. As they had neither icehouses nor cool cellars in which to keep their food, necessity taught them other ways. They had three ways of preserving their meats, viz., by making it into pemmican, pounded meat, or dried meat.

For the sake of brevity, I will first tell how dried meat was made. When an animal was killed, the women would cut from the carcass as large a piece of flesh as they possibly could and, placing it on a piece of parchment before them, would then draw their knife across it parallel with the grain, making a gash about half an inch deep and in a slanting direction. Then they would take hold of the lip with the left hand and cut slantingly with the right hand, and as they cut across they turned the lump over, and then another cut, and so on until the whole piece had been pared away, so to speak, and instead of a lump of meat there would be a steak from one to three feet long.

This was repeated until all the meat on hand had been cut up into thin steaks. Then a sort of stage would be erected and rods put across, and on these rods the slices of meat would be hung and left to dry in the sun. If the blue flies were bad, a small fire would be kindled beneath the meat. The fire helped to dry the meat and the smoke not only kept away the blue fly but also imparted a pleasant flavour to the meat.



FORT Qu'Appelle, once an H.B.C. stronghold of trade on the prairies of Saskatchewan, as it appeared in 1877 (from a drawing by Neison). Furs were a less important consideration at Fort Qu'Appelle than buffalo robes and pemmican, for this post was in the heart of the buffalo range.

When considered sufficiently dry, the women piled the dried steaks neatly one on top of the other until they formed a pile two feet long by one foot wide and one foot high. The pile was then bound tightly with line made from the hide, and put to one side either for personal use or for sale. This is what was called a bale of dried meat. Meat cured in this way and kept dry would last a whole year or longer, and it could be eaten just as it was or boiled or toasted before a fire.

Pounded meat was made from the dried meat by beating it with flails until it became as small as desired and then stored away in bags.

Pemmican was made by beating either of the above until the largest piece was the size of a filbert nut; much of it, of course, would be like mincemeat.

A whole skin made into parchment served for the threshing floor. The young men invariably did the pounding, and, whilst this work was in process, the women would be rendering down all the fat they could get; even the bones were broken and boiled to get all the marrow fat they contained.

Others would be employed making bags of parchment about two and a half feet long and one and a half feet wide. When these were finished and everything was ready, hot grease was poured on the heap of pounded meat and the whole mixed up with wooden shovels in the same way that men mix mortar. Then, when the grease was thoroughly mixed with the meat, it was put into the bags and sewn up neatly. This was called pemmican.

The bags were not allowed to lie on one side more than a few minutes at first, lest the fat should settle to the underside; so every ten or fifteen minutes the bags were turned over to insure equal distribution of the fat.

When buying a bag of pemmican from a number of bags, one sometimes happened to get a bag that had not been properly attended to during the cooling period, and the result was that one side was practically all grease and the other dry cracknels. Buffalo meat cured in this way and kept dry would last for years. No salt was ever used in either of the above processes. By travellers, pemmican was considered a very convenient food, as it could be eaten just as it was and the only instrument required in the culinary line to make it fit for the table was a hatchet to chop it out of the bag, for it became as hard as mortar.

Travellers often made a very rich soup by boiling a quantity of it for a certain time and then adding a little flour to make it thick. In my time, after we started growing vegetables, we made pies and stews of it in the same way as such things are made with the flesh of domestic animals.

Perhaps some may think I am dwelling too long on this subject, but the memory delights to linger on the happy days gone by never to return which were associated with the buffalo and what they meant to the people of that time. These oxen of the prairie became extinct about thirty-four years ago (1888), except for a few kept on preserves by the Canadian government.

When the C.P.R. was being built across the prairies, certain half-breeds and Indians made a fairly good living by collecting buffalo bones and selling them, I think, to Americans. At every station one came to on the line large piles of bleached bones could be seen waiting to be shipped away. It was said they were for use in sugar refineries, but whether true or not I am not qualified to say.

(To be continued)

The Land of Silence

(Continued from last Issue)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

MARJORIE attired herself in a deerskin coat and a toque, which she pulled well down over her ears, and, catching up a pair of snowshoes, noiselessly descended the stairs and left the house unseen.

Scarcely was she out of sight when her brother dropped from the roof of the lean-to to the ground and struck out for Bill Miner's cabin.

Miner was expecting him. All evening he had kept a wary eye busy searching the track for sign of him. That Alec would come he was positive.

When at last the young man, pale and excited, made his appearance, Miner, with a great show of uneasy cordiality, bustled about to place a seat for his visitor, who, however, repelled his advances with a wave of the hand and continued standing. Clearly he was in a panic.

"Look here," the boy burst forth in a frightened voice, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "I've had enough of this. I can't stand it. I'm going to tell my father the truth. Better anything than this. It's an ugly, dirty business, and I can't go on with it. I've come to tell you that I'm going to confess."

Miner's hands clenched, and he glared upon the speaker.

"Oh, no, you're not," he said slowly.

"No! And who is going to stop me?" queried the young man truculently.

"I am. Do you think, fool," and the speaker hissed out the words between clenched teeth, "do you think that I am going to allow you to spoil everything now that things are going so nicely?"

"Nicely!" sneered the wretched boy. "Oh, yes, very nicely!"

"Well, haven't things gone just the way we intended them to?" asked Miner, again adopting his smooth tones. "Haven't we accomplished what we set out to do? The liquor's been found on Bob Armstrong's sled, and he's been arrested. The parson can't hang on here after that. The news will be over the whole country in no time." He paused a moment, then went on with withering contempt. "No one suspects us. You're a fine fellow to talk of blabbing—a fine fellow, I *don't* think—scared of your own shadow!"

Alec's face flushed at the taunt; then again grew deadly pale.

"Oh, it ain't that I'm afraid for myself," he said with less agitation. "What I don't like about it is my treachery to Bob. For it was treachery—the blackest treachery. You can't deny that. It didn't look so bad at first. Then everything happened so quickly this afternoon that I didn't have time to think. But since Bob was arrested I have been thinking it over, and I can't stand it. I'd go crazy before morning. I'm going to confess. It won't involve you at all," the young man went on quickly, as if to propitiate his friend and confederate. "I shall tell my father that Bob brought the case of liquor for me. Just that. Then they'll let Bob go. Father will fly into a terrible passion, but he'll pay my fine in the end. Your name won't be mentioned, so you have no cause to kick."

"Oh, I haven't, eh!" responded his companion in a brutal tone, utterly unlike the silky softness in which he usually enfolded his verbiage. "Well I'll tell you, young man, when I have a scheme on I usually carry it through. In this case I am bent on driving the parson out of here; his presence interferes with my business. I have been wishing to get rid of him for some time, and now that I have a chance I ain't going to let any silly scruples of yours interfere with me. No, sir; not by a jugful. Just you confess and see what will happen."

"And what will happen?" stammered the boy.

For answer Miner felt in his pocket. The boy laughed derisively. Evidently he was under the impression that the man was going to produce the pieces of paper with which he had threatened him before.

"Bah!" he said, "you can't scare me with those I.O.U.'s again. Nothing you can do will scare me now. Do your worst."

Miner regarded the boy with an ugly grin for some moments; then, withdrawing his hand, said:

"Not so fast, my chicken-hearted young friend. Listen, I will tell you a story. You are the son of the chief factor, who is the ruler in this God-forsaken part of the world. The Hudson's Bay Company has about as much use for white settlers as an Eskimo has for table manners; so their agent, your father, turns down my grub order, thinking to starve me out. Then, what happens? Why, this: You, the son of that intensely loyal man, undertake to supply me with grub—you *steal* it from the Company's store."

"It's a lie!" The boy shook his fist almost maniacally in Miner's face. "It's a lie!"

At this, Miner, with the ugly grin still on his face, felt once more in his pocket and, with a dramatic flourish, produced a crumpled letter. The time had come for him to play his trump card.

"Listen," he said, "and I will read this letter. Hear how it sounds. Are you listening? *Dear Bill,*" the fellow read, "*I will get the tea, sugar and other things you want; but I dare not buy them, as Rogers would be suspicious. He knows I can have no use for them personally and that I am a friend of yours, so would smell a rat, sure. But I will take them out of the warehouse the first chance and no one will be any the wiser. Alec.*"

"But I didn't," cried the boy wildly, "I didn't do it—you know I didn't."

"Yes, I know," jeered the man. "*I* know, but no one else does, and the letter sounds pretty bad, eh? Who is to know that you got cold feet at the last moment? No one."

"My God!" was the pitiful cry of the boy. "You would use that letter against me?"

"Sure!" returned Miner. "Just open your mouth about the truth of that case of whisky and Alec MacDonald, son of Chief Factor MacDonald, shall be known throughout the country as a thief. Your father, who is noted for his loyalty to his employers, shall have an opportunity to prosecute his own son."

The boy, white to the lips, was grasping at the table for support.

"But, why—why?" His voice was scarcely audible. "I never did anything to you." Then suddenly raising his voice, "No, no! You won't. You won't dare. I've got something on you, too. He pointed a trembling finger at the man, "you—you bootlegger."

Miner started almost violently, his face flushed and his lips snarled, his eyes glittering. Then, as if bethinking himself:

"That so?" he drawled. "Alright, go tell the police about it. Sure, I'm a bootlegger. But they'll have a hot time proving it." He laughed mockingly, knowing how easy it was to bluff the boy. Then, leaning forward, he said in his old smooth tones, "Come, kid, drop this nonsense. Drop it, I tell you. Keep silent a little longer and you shall have your letter back soon."

The wretched boy was so agitated that he could not speak for some moments. All the hideous terror that the man's threat had conveyed to him so significantly a few minutes before was swept aside by the sudden thought that he might recover and destroy that incriminating letter.

He had come there with the determination, if the word may be used to describe the condition of a will so feeble, to break with Miner for all time. He would obtain money from his father to redeem the I.O.U.'s. As for *Little Song*, he would make a clean breast of that matter too. At all costs he would free himself from this man's power.

But he had reckoned without Miner. The man had been too much for him after all. The production of the unfortunate letter had been utterly outside Alec's calculations. Indeed, he had, if he thought of the letter at all, believed it destroyed long ago. Miner had informed Alec that he had destroyed the letter, and the latter had never dreamed that this was not the case, and certainly never imagined that the fellow would one day hold it as a club over his head; though even now it seemed he had only to preserve his silence regarding their black treachery towards Bob to recover it. And perhaps, after all, it would not turn out so very badly for Bob. At the worst they could do no more than fine him!

"Well?" said Miner with brutal amiability, after a long silence. "What do you say? Is it a bargain?"

The boy's eyes distended with a tortured look. The feelings of remorse and shame which had driven him there were still upon him, but his determination to do the right thing was weakening. Before leaving home he had fortified himself against this interview by imbibing several heavy doses of liquor, but his nervous system thus artificially wrought into a state of excitement was fast becoming crushed under the other man's baneful influence. The will was there but the power, unfortunately, was wanting.

Perceiving that the wretched young man wavered, Miner said ingratiatingly, "Don't be silly. Forget it!" He produced a bottle of spirits, half filled a cup with whisky and offered it to the vacillating young man, who grasped it eagerly and emptied it in one gulp. "What a fellow you are," Miner laughed, throwing a potation down his own throat. "You gave me quite a scare, coming here and talking of confessing. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Alec regarded the man in silence for some moments, then turned without a word and went away.

CHAPTER XVII

Little Song's Ultimatum

AND *Little Song*, who had come to Miner's cabin for reasons of her own, was very nearly caught at the window; for when Alec left his confederate in silence he gave no intimation of his approach to the door until he had actually lifted the latch. But, with admirable presence of mind, *Little Song* no sooner received the startling intimation than she flew with surprising velocity to a bush nearby and hid herself in it, remaining there till Alec had passed and was well on his way to the post. Then she came out of hiding and approached the door.

Miner was sitting with face framed between his hands, staring at the fire. His evil plot had been carried to a successful conclusion, but there was nothing of exultation in his demeanor. True, alarming incidents had cropped up to discount his victory, but he was not thinking of these—of the corporal's accidental discovery, the half-breed's body, Alec's panic and threats, the chief factor's accusation, and his own unfortunate outbreak of temper in reply. His thoughts were occupied with something before which these matters, reasons for alarm and anxiety though they were, paled into insignificance. He had found that his supposition that a man may murder and yet feel no remorse was a fallacy. He had found that it was not the dread of detection alone that tortured the imaginations of men, but that it was the overwhelming consciousness of guilt that caused thousands upon thousands of men to give themselves freely up to justice, preferring an ignominious death to the moral tortures of a guilty soul.

He was a strong-minded man, but imagination will shake the courage of the mightiest. Men who fearlessly face living things quail before a shadow, even when they know that shadow to be the mere creature of the imagination. He saw it all over again—he was always seeing it—the breed with face black and swollen, tongue protruding, eyes bulging, lying dead from strangulation. "I wish," thought he, "that I could have silenced him in some other way; that I had not been forced to kill him." Murder is a dreadful thing. It had not paid. He saw that now.

A slight noise at the door startled him. He sprang to his feet. "Who's there?" he asked with a convulsive start.

A slight figure stepped forward.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "*Little Song!*"

The girl's appearance inside his cabin amazed and startled him. Certainly it was a daring act for her to cross that threshold. He stood staring at her with the utmost bewilderment. Then, recovering himself, he smiled at her.

She came a little closer. Her shawl had fallen away from her face and a scarlet handkerchief, worn loosely round the neck, accentuated every point of her dark beauty.

"By gad," he said to himself, "but she's a splendid creature." Then came upon him suddenly an idea of possessing for himself this young denizen of the wilderness. She was alone with him late at night. Her wild beauty fired his blood.

The girl regarded him intently. The man's face had aged and changed for the worse during the last few weeks; a haggard, ugly, malicious face it seemed to his visitor.

"I have come to see you," she explained.

"To see *me!*" exclaimed Miner. "Why that's fine. Come, sit down near the fire."

"No. I'll stand."

"Nonsense!" he coaxed. "That's no way to act. Come, sit down and be sociable; let's have a talk. Why," he added with a loud, coarse laugh, "we're supposed to be sweethearts, you and me."

He edged nearer.

"Stand back!" she commanded.

He stopped.

"You see," said the girl, calmly, as she drew a large hunting knife from her bosom, "you see I can take care of myself."

"What in blazes do you mean by that," demanded the man, struck with amazement.

"I mean," returned the girl firmly, "that I am ready to defend myself, that's what I mean."

"Defend yourself! From me! Are you crazy? Why should I offer to hurt you?"

"You will stick at nothing when you hear what I have come to say."

"Stick at nothing! Why, what in the world do you mean?" He spoke with his usual easy smile, but his eyes blazed his alarm.

She fixed him with a piercing gaze. "Listen," she said, "and I will tell you. This is the first time I have been inside your cabin, but it is not the first time I have been to your door."

She paused, and there was a tense silence. The man's face was colorless, his shifty grey eyes were like gimlets, but the situation only served to emphasize his natural caution. Though he was filled with fears and apprehensions he would not question her; not, at all events, till he had heard more.

"One night," the girl continued at length, speaking the words very deliberately, "I looked in at the window. The blind was down, but I could see under it at one corner and witness what was going on in the room. You were alone and on your knees, working at something on the floor."

Miner looked at her with a gasp, with perspiration breaking out in beads upon his brow. "Fool! Idiot!" he thought, "Why did I not attend to the blind?"

Then, exercising a sudden self-mastery, he assumed an expression of unconcern, although he trembled violently. "Go on," he commanded, braced to dare it out.

"While you were working at that something on the floor," *Little Song* paused and moved forward a step, then asked with an appalling intensity, "did you hear a voice?"

Miner, on the instant, started convulsively and looked at the girl with an aspect of mingled terror and amazement.

"A voice!" he said at length, "Whose voice?"

"Mine," replied the girl. "I cried out when I saw the half-breed lying dead." She passed her hand quickly across her eyes. "It was horrible! Then I saw you strip the body and carry the clothes to the waterhole and drop them down. Afterwards you hauled the body away on a sled."

Miner stood silent; his teeth were set, his gaze fixed, his brows contracted. By dint of a great effort he succeeded in pulling himself together. "Courage!" he said to himself. "Remember your life is at stake."

"How did I come here?" the girl's voice went on. "I'll tell you. I came to look for Alec MacDonald. He had promised to meet me but had not turned up, so I came to find him and saw what you had done. You are a very bad man. You killed the half-breed, you murderer!" And she pointed at Bill Miner with a menacing finger.

"Hush!" said the man, looking towards the door. "Don't speak so loud. See that there is no one listening."

Little Song backed to the door, opened it swiftly and looked out, but no one was there.

"I'll tell you why I did it," Miner went on when the door was once more shut. He suddenly thought he saw a way to quiet the girl and ever after keep her mouth shut. "The half-breed was going to denounce Alec MacDonald to the police! He had found out someway that Alec and the bootlegger were one and the same man, and if I'd let him get away from here he'd have had Alec taken away to gaol in no time. Of course, I didn't mean to kill the fellow; I only intended to frighten him. But I held his throat tight a little too long and got myself in a bad mess in consequence. But you see it was really for Alec's sake I did it."

"It is a lie!" the words came contemptuously from the girl's lips.

"No. It's not a lie."

"I'll not believe it!"

The man shrugged his shoulders and made an effort to smile. "That's up to you. Believe me or not, it's the truth."

"You are a liar!"

Miner's eyes flashed venomously, his big cruel hands clenched convulsively; then he controlled himself and, forcing a smile once more, said: "Well, what are you going to do about it? Have me arrested?"

"No!" replied the girl promptly, "what do I care for the half-breed? Alive or dead, he is nothing to me. I'll not inform on you if you leave Alec alone. You are always getting him to help you in some evil scheme," she accused. "Bob Armstrong was taken up by the silly police today—Bob Armstrong! who never did a wrong thing in his life! I don't know how you managed it, but I am sure you were at the bottom of it and that you got Alec mixed up in it, too. You are a very wicked man and you are making Alec bad. He was kind and good to me until you enticed him here and made him almost as bad as you are yourself. He never meets me now; he comes here instead. He is always here. You have got some hold over him." Her voice trailed off miserably. Then pulling herself together she said firmly and resolutely, "But I am going to save Alec from you. You must go."

Miner's eyes flamed like those of an enraged cat.

"Go away!"

"Yes. Go away, far from here or—I shall tell the police you killed the half-breed."

Having delivered her ultimatum, the girl stood fronting her foe. Her large black eyes were wide and flashing, her lips compressed. "You can stare," she added, as he darted a look of ferocity at her, "but approach me and you are a dead man."

Miner's brain worked swiftly. I am in a bad hole he told himself, but after all it was she alone who saw me commit the deed; therefore her evidence must be totally unsupported. But it will never do to have the Mounties nosing about here, for, with her evidence to go on, they will quickly turn suspicion into proof. What shall I do? What is to be done! To make away with the girl would be dangerous, for she would be missed almost at once. Suddenly a plan trickled through his crafty brain. There was only one course open to him. He must marry her and deprive her at once of the power of bearing witness against him. In a case of this kind the law did not allow a wife to give evidence against her husband.

"Why do you think so much of Alec?" he asked with a softening of manner. "He'll never marry you."

A sudden gleam of passion flashed in the young woman's eyes.

"Did he tell you that?" she asked hurriedly.

Miner nodded.

"Come, be sensible," he urged. "Alec's the chief factor's son, but that won't get him anywhere. He's no good."

The girl's eyes rested with an expression of contempt on the man before her. Her lip curled.

"I thought you were his *friend,*" she said with sarcastic emphasis.

"Well, I suppose I am," returned the man, reddening. "But that don't make me blind to the fact that he is a poor thing, whichever way you take him. He don't care for anybody but himself. Look at the way he is treating *you.* It's a wonder you stand for it—you with your beauty and spirit. You ain't no fool. What's the use of pretending he's all right when you know he's worthless. Why, dozens of fellows would fall over themselves to get you for their woman." He laughed a loud, coarse laugh. "Myself included. I would have made love to you long ago but for Alec. He was hot after you till he got you, and now he would do anything to get shut of you."

The words struck a sore place. The girl winced, her breath came a little more quickly, she lifted her head with a proud air.

"Did he tell you that?" she demanded quickly.

Miner nodded. "He's been planning how to get rid of you for a long time."

A sharp sigh escaped the girl's lips.

"Why don't you drop him," asked Miner, "and take up with me?"

"You would *marry* me?"

"Yes," said the man quickly, "say the word and I'll go to Parson Armstrong first thing in the morning. I swear I'll be good to you. Come, is it a go?"

A faint smile crept over the girl's lips.

"And how long should I live after I became your wife? I know that my life is in danger even now."

"No—no—no; no such thing. I'll marry you—"

"Never!" cried *Little Song* with energy. "Never!"

Her firmness was amazing. It certainly amazed him.

"You must go away before noon tomorrow."

"Go to the devil! I won't consent to that."

"Very well." The girl shrugged her shoulders and turned to the door.

The mere silent threat was enough.

"Stop, damn you," cried Miner, "I consent."

"Very well," said the girl again. She regarded him a moment and a flash of triumph came into her big black eyes. Then she left him without another word.

Miner glared maliciously after the girl, then laughing discordantly, dropped on a seat. The game was up and he knew it. "The devil!" he muttered. "I dare not stay, and it will be dangerous to leave. A desperate business this; and if I get out of the scrape this time I shall have all possible respect for myself. I must somehow manage to disappear, drop out of sight as if the ground had opened. My only hope lies in the bush. I must find my way out, keeping to the bush; to use the right-of-way would be to leave a track a blind man could follow. I have not lived for years in the wilderness and fraternized with Indians without learning some of their cunning." With the prompt decisiveness of his character which, if applied to honorable affairs would have taken him far on the road to a successful career, he set about making his arrangements for going away. "Ammunition! I have none, and I cannot make Le Pas without ammunition. I must work Alec for some."

(To be continued)

FOR ARCTIC DISCOVERIES
1818—1855
VICTORIA REGINA

ARCTIC MEDAL, 1855

MEDAL awarded by British government for Arctic discoveries (1818 to 1855) to those who had assisted in various Arctic explorations, including several parties who searched for remains of the last Sir John Franklin expedition (1845). The first Franklin expedition started in 1819. Thomas Simpson's expedition started in 1836. Many of the medals were distributed by the Hudson's Bay Company at the request of the British government, since many of the various exploring parties were H.B.C. officers and men.

Dr. John Rae and Roderick MacFarlane were among the H.B.C. officers who received the Arctic medal.

The specimen illustrated is a surplus medal given many years ago as a souvenir to Mr. James S. Braidwood, who presented same to the Hudson's Bay historical exhibit October 3rd, 1922.

MISSIONARIES

THERE are few, if any, fur trade posts that do not have a missionary of the gospel to deal with, most of whom are splendid, devoted men.

Let me write concerning some of these men with whom I have had experience. Late in the fall of 1890 I met an Anglican missionary at Swampy island, Lake Winnipeg. He was on his way from Churchill, Hudson Bay, to England. His wife accompanied him.

The wind blew, the thermometer was low, and the snow came down as it can during blizzards such as are prevalent in that country. For six days it was not safe to show one's nose outside. The shelter we had was a freezer plant, perfectly warm but without windows or much ventilation. Besides the missionary and myself, there were perhaps ten other men all camped in this one room. Still, we got on nicely and were glad of the shelter.

This, then, was their experience for six days on a trip lasting perhaps thirty-five days and covering perhaps 1100 miles; and I say that it takes men and women of some quality to put up with it.

This gentleman is now a bishop, and I had the pleasure of again meeting him in Victoria, B.C., twenty-five years later.

I was personally acquainted with and had great respect for a missionary who, while engaged taking Indian boys to the industrial school, lost his life, together with the lives of all the boys with him, during a bad storm.

I knew him to be devoted to his work, and a real man without fear. He was clever and did not have to do this work, but did it because he thought it his duty.

Another man of real worth personally known to me still labors in the same field, where his good wife was poisoned by eating salmon. It was some little time before it was realized what was the cause of her illness; then, when the cause was known, it was too late to prevent death. The suffering of the lady and the anguish of the husband for the few days before death came is beyond description.

I was camped on a lonely trail one dark stormy night. The approach of a horse was heard above the noise of wind and rain, and presently out of the inky darkness emerged a missionary and his horse. After getting him fixed up comfortably in my tent, I enquired why he had travelled so late. The answer astonished me, and was a great revelation. He said, "You understand us, and I endangered my limbs, and even my life, just simply for the pleasure of travelling with you."

It was this incident that prompted me to write these few lines with the hope that some good would come from them.

Post managers should endeavor to better understand the gentleman who is stationed in their neighborhood as a missionary, and I assure them that when the missionary is better understood he will be voted human, and a real man after all.—*C. H. French, Vancouver.*

From An Old Diary

A Visit to "The Bay" in 1618

ONE of the most picturesque of all the famous rovers was Jens Munck, a Danish nobleman who, being left an orphan in childhood, had early entered upon a career of poverty and adventure. Munck visited Hudson Bay fifty years before the Hudson's Bay Company was founded, and this is what he wrote:

Oct. 15—Last night ice-drift lifted the ship out of dock. At next low water I had the space filled with clay and sand.

Oct. 30—Ice everywhere covers the river. There is such a heavy fall of snow it is impossible for the men to go into the open country without snowshoes.

Dec. 12—One of my surgeons died and his corpse had to remain unburied for two days because the frost was so terrible no one dared to go on shore.

Dec. 24-25—Christmas Eve. I gave the men wine and beer, which they had to boil, for it was frozen to the bottom. All very jolly but no one offended by so much as a word. Holy Christmas Day we all celebrated as a Christian's duty is. We had a sermon, and after the sermon we gave the priest an offertory according to ancient custom. There was not much money among the men, but they gave what they had—some white fox skins for the priest to line his coat.

Jan. 1—New Year's Day. Tremendous frost. I ordered a couple of pints of wine to the bowl of every man to keep their spirits up.

Jan. 10—The priest and the other surgeon took to bed. A violent sickness rages among the men (scurvy). My head cook died.

Jan. 21—Thirteen of us down with sickness. I asked the surgeon, who was lying mortally ill, whether any remedy might be found in his chest. He answered he had used as many remedies as he knew and, if God would not help, there was no remedy.

Jan. 23—This day died my mate, Hans Brock, who had been in bed five months. The priest sat up in his berth to preach the sermon, which was the last he ever gave on this earth.

Jan. 25—Had the small minute guns discharged in honor of my mate's burial, but so exceedingly brittle had the iron become from the frost that the cannon exploded.

Feb. 5—More deaths. I again sent to the surgeon for God's sake to do something to allay sickness; but he only answered as before, if God did not help, there was no hope.

Feb. 16—Nothing but sickness and death. Only seven persons now in health to do the necessary work. On this day died a seaman who was as filthy in his habits as an untrained beast.

Feb. 17—Twenty people have died.

Feb. 20—In the evening died the priest. Have had to mind cabin myself, for my servant is also ill.

Mar. 30—Sharp frost. Now begins my great misery. I am like the lonely bird, running to and fro waiting on the sick.

April 1—Died my nephew, Eric Munck, and was buried in the same grave as my second mate. Not one of us is well enough to fetch water and fuel. It is with great difficulty I can get coffins made.

April 14—Only four besides myself able to sit up and listen to the sermon for Good Friday, which I read.

May 6—Died John Weston, my English mate. The bodies of the dead lie uncovered because none of us has the strength to bury them . . .

Early in the summer, the brave hearted Dane made in his journal the following dramatic entry, which he supposed would be the last:

As I have now no more hope in life in this world, I request, for the sake of God, if any Christian should come here, they will bury my poor body, together with the others found, and this, my journal, forward to the King . . . Herewith, good night to all the world, and my soul to God . . .

JENS MUNCK.

When Munck wrote these words he was alone upon the ship and had lain for four days without food. Some of his men had previously gone ashore, but they had been given up for lost. Two, however, returned to him alive and helped him to the land. There the three survivors kindled a fire of driftwood, partly to protect themselves from the hungry wolves, and beside it they lay upon the ground, sucking the juice of every root and sprout they could reach—weeds, sea nettles, hemlock vines, sorrel grass. Strange as such a diet may seem, it restored their strength, and in the course of time they recovered from scurvy. — *From Black's History of Saskatchewan.*

Packing

By C. H. FRENCH

MULES have played a great part in the opening up of new countries owing to their suitability as packers.

Many horses have been used, but have faults which mules do not have.

Mules will not crowd when dangerous spots are to be passed, such as narrow, side-hill trails, bridges or through thick timber. They seem to know whether or not they can pass between two trees. Should the trees be small they will carefully place their packs up against one and shove it down, but should the tree be too large to allow of this being done they will not attempt it.

Their only fault is in their feet being so small they find it difficult to plow their way through soft, deep mud. The first few in the train may pass over a bad spot, but the bad spot is so soon churned up with the passing of their almost pointed hoofs that the balance of the train will be completely mired.

The most suitable animal, with mules as with horses, is the short, low, stocky kind.

They have been known to pack 600 pounds, they themselves weighing only 500 to 800 pounds.

Great feats have been performed by dogs. Some sections of North America use them only in harness pulling a toboggan, but other sections use them as packers.

Throughout Alaska and Northern British Columbia they are trained to pack just as are mules.

Pack-saddles are made like saddle-bags and hang over the back of the animal, being lashed under the belly so that there is nothing that will in any way chafe the animal. The load varies, depending on the size of the dog, from 40 to 80 pounds, 50 pounds being the weight generally carried.

A trapper or prospector with three dogs can travel through the country for months without himself having to pack anything save his gun, one dog packing the blankets while the other two take care of provisions.

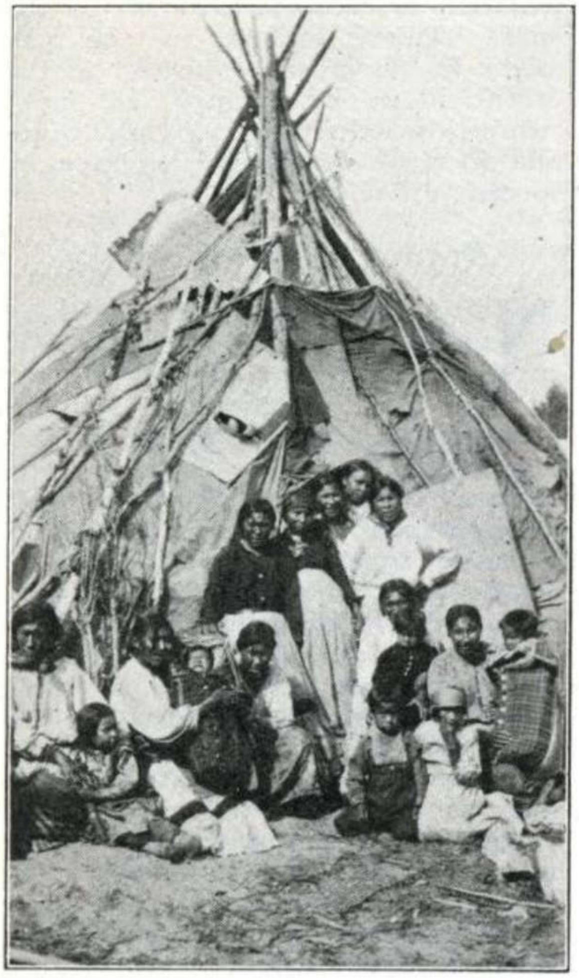
The pack, hanging at least three inches below the belly, allows him to lie down and completely raise the full weight of the pack off his back. After resting it is taken up and carried perhaps ten minutes, when another complete rest is taken; travelling so much faster than a man can walk enables him to do that without delaying his master.

In earlier times the simple packing on men's backs with shoulder or head strap was the only form used, but as the white man came—so came changes. For instance, a white man would tie up his pack leaving a pair of duck overalls out to be used in place of pack strap. Anything that was wide and would distribute the weight on the white man's shoulder or breast was much preferred by him to the narrow Indian pack strap. Many Indians were accustomed to using ordinary rope, shifting it from bearing on one spot too long at a time and to relieve the otherwise inevitable sore shoulder.

During the great gold rushes that have taken place through British Columbia at different times, many forms of packing were devised.

From 1855 to 1860 it was difficult to hire Indians to pack. The white man with little or no experience suffered great hardships in consequence, and it is no wonder that flour sold for $50.00 for each 50-pound sack. There were few trails and those existing along the Fraser river were straight up or down mountains or skirting along river or canyon with precipice walls where a slight slip would mean instant death. I can never forget the sensation experienced on my first trip over a trail of that kind. One particular spot that is outstanding in my memory was a mud slide. The whole side of a mountain had slid away, leaving the wall almost perpendicular. The trail was gouged out of its face about five hundred feet above the rushing torrent that passed along its foot. Having been accustomed to a flat country, this sort of thing did not appeal to me, and I have no doubt that ninety per cent of the early miners were in the same class with myself and had the "creeps" many days until they got accustomed to that sort of thing.

There are still many places in British Columbia where I much prefer to dismount from my horse and walk over, while the regular packers will swing along at a canter, apparently not noticing them at all—merely a matter of getting accustomed to it.



FAMILY of Ojibway Indians and their precarious summer tepee at Deer Lake near H.B.C. Little Grand Rapids post, Ontario. Photo by John Bartleman.

During the years 1899 and 1900 there were many tons of merchandise transported from Hazleton to the Omenica by dogs, and as much as 4,000 pounds would be given to one man with three dogs. His plan of operation was to take, say, 300 pounds with his family and camp outfit and travel about 20 miles, where a camp would be built. Marten and other traps would be set along the road, and for about one week these three dogs and their owner would move back and forth until the whole freight had been moved up to the camp; then the camp would be shifted on to another favorable spot about twenty miles further along the trail, marten traps moved and all made comfortable. This went on during February, March and April, and resulted in many tons of freight being moved and hundreds of marten being trapped, besides a few lynx and other fur animals.

Packing on the back was done by old and young alike. I call to mind my first experience. I was instructed to be ready to leave the following morning with a pack train for Tom's Creek. Much to my surprise the pack train was not mules or horses, but was men, women, girls and boys. At least one of the women had a baby that had not yet been weaned, and it was not unusual to see the mother, with perhaps 150 pounds on her back, back up to one of the resting poles placed at frequent resting places, rest her pack against the pole, pull her baby down from the top and commence to nurse the child.

One outstanding feat of packing I distinctly remember was that of a young man who carried a load of nearly two hundred pounds together with his blankets and provisions 200 miles and returned 200 miles through two feet of new snow, with the thermometer standing at 30 degrees below zero, in eight days for a remuneration of $15.00.

There was a portage on which mules and horses were working, but many packs were found of such large size that horses or mules could not carry them. Cook stoves could be easily packed, but large crates of window sash and such like were more difficult. It was finally decided to have a man take care of these, and a man called "Chickens" was the one selected. It was truly marvelous to see him staggering along under a pack that looked about as large as a haystack. He became famous in this work.

A CLOSED PRESERVE

IT was well understood among the officers and servants of the H.B.C. that they were employed solely in the interests of the fur trade, and not as agricultural agents or mining experts, and when we observed fine vegetables raised on a few spots by the missionaries we knew they were to be regarded simply as small "oases" in a vast desert in which, by great care and a wonderful dispensation of Providence, such cultivation was made possible. The rest of the country was to be considered as fit only for furs, Indians and buffalo. What a vast change has taken place since the great railways have been pushed through this country!—*From the Notes of an H.B.C. Factor.*

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Goodwill

WHENEVER a business is sold a considerable part of the purchase price is paid for that intangible asset "goodwill," which is the greatest asset any business can have. Though it may be quickly destroyed, many years of fair dealing are necessary to acquire it.

The policy of an organization may be the most commendable in the world, but the public knows that policy only as it is interpreted to them by the individual employee.

The valuable asset of goodwill upon which the future of the Company rests is in the keeping of H.B.C. employees. Upon their use of the power to increase or diminish goodwill depends the growth of the Company—and the growth of the individual with the Company.

Bushels Per Acre

ONE reads with pride and a quickening of hope for a turn of the times that Western Canada in 1922 has probably broken the records of 1915 for grain production. But the harvest totals which run into so many millions of bushels figure down to a comparatively small *yield per acre*.

Why is it that Western Canada, with her comparatively new, virgin grain lands, does not grow more wheat *per acre?* Is a better system of agriculture required, or more fertilization of the land? Thirty bushels to the acre might be the *average* instead of the exception in a country of new, rich soil, wonderful growing conditions and where wheat culture is an intensive specialty. Why isn't it?

Apples of Nova Scotia

NOVA Scotia scenery, to the casual visitor, seems largely composed of apple trees. In the picturesque valleys of this maritime province, orchards predominate. The slogan of automobile tourists from New England states is "meet me in Nova Scotia at apple blossom time" or, later in the season, "meet me by the Basin of Minas when the Gravensteins are ripe."

Nova Scotia, the oldest apple-growing section of Canada, has adopted the newest methods that science has developed for planting and pruning and spraying fruit trees.

If Nova Scotia's apples are not as large or as fine in colour as British Columbia's, they are perhaps a little more juicy and full of flavour. The Gravenstein was the apple that made the older province famous; and who in Eastern Canada has not enjoyed the Baldwins, Kings, Ribstones, Blenheims and Spies of Nova Scotia?

Easy access to the British market is one of the advantages enjoyed by the great apple-growing industry of Nova Scotia and much of the delicious fruit is less than a fortnight in transit from the Canadian orchard to the English table.

Appreciation

IN a garden in Virginia there was a quiet nook where honeysuckle vines grew thickly over an ancient rose trellis. One beautiful rosebush which persisted in blooming for a few years gradually faded, its strength sapped by the roots of the honeysuckle and shaded by the heavy foliage. Season after season the beauty of the blossoms lessened until it became necessary to transplant the rosebush or let it die.

Thus the enthusiasm which inspires people to put forth special effort is weakened by the lack of encouragement. The desire daily to do something more than is necessary becomes less strong. People develop a so-called "grouch."

This mental attitude becomes habitual and contagious. The result is a sort of Jekyll and Hyde personality which forbids even the smile of common courtesy to a fellow employee.

An attitude of interest and encouragement toward each other will help the average human being to do three dollars worth of work for one dollar paid as salary for the same reason that makes us love a dog because he gives us fifty dollars' worth of appreciation for a five-cent bone.

Breaking Precedents

THE man who pioneers in something that is new and untried never receives much assistance. He rarely can arouse the enthusiasm of the public.

Cyrus Field had made a fortune and was ready to retire when the idea of establishing wire communication between Europe and America took possession of him. Field might have retired in luxury, but he was not a man who could thrive on indolence. Like other real men, *work* was to him the first ingredient of happiness.

So this pioneer took up his Atlantic cable project. He worked hard to obtain the approval of the American congress. In getting assistance from Great Britain he had quicker success.

The first step was the building of a telegraph line from New York to Newfoundland. Several hundred miles of line had to be constructed through the dense forests of Newfoundland. It was a prodigious task, but proved to be really the simplest part of Field's main job—laying the Atlantic cable.

Again and again the cable broke after Field's ship, like a giant spider, had spun out its delicate thread of copper from continent to continent across the North Atlantic. Repeatedly he began the work all over again. Better cable was used; new methods of splicing were tried. But the cable broke again just as success seemed imminent.

Everyone associated with the enterprise had lost faith in it except Field. The determination of the pioneer was unshakable. He organized a new company. And the first message was flashed across the Atlantic on July 13th, 1866. Cyrus Field's dream was realized. This is but one example in the world of invention illustrating that men of vision who are willing to work out their own ideas in spite of public skepticism can break any precedent of achievement.

The Bully

ERNEST Thompson Seton, the naturalist, conducts a boys' camp in Connecticut. There drifted into camp one day a mite of a boy. He had small legs and small arms. He looked starved in body and in mind. To put that boy with the other boys seemed like turning a sheep into the wolf den. And yet it had to be done.

Boys quickly size up their companions. They measured the newcomer for what he was. The camp bully could tell that his "meat" had arrived.

The camp bully was a big boy—big in body, but not in mind—so he started out to terrorize and humiliate the new boy.

After several days of this, Mr. Thompson drew the small boy aside and said to him, "That boy who is annoying you is a big bluff. If he weren't, he wouldn't pick on a small boy like you. The only thing for you to do is to lick him. Will you do it?" And the little fellow, with tears in his eyes, said, "I'll try."

"You've only got to hit him once," said Mr. Thompson, "and then he'll lie down, because he is a coward."

The fight was on. The bully made a rush for little Johnny, swinging his arms and yelling. The small boy didn't try to hit him with his fists. He put his head down, covered his face with his arms and, just as the bully rushed, *butted* him in the "solar plexus." It was all over. The bully lay on the ground and little Johnny stood over him bright-eyed, chin up and chest out.

The boys named him "Little Thunder." They put him on a mental pedestal and he never had any more trouble with the bully or any of the other boys in camp.

This is a true story and a good one because it illustrates a point. There is a big bully stalking about today. He's got a lot of men scared. He grins at them and they wilt. Some people call him "Hard Times." But this bully is not nearly so formidable as he seems. One good poke in the stomach will put him out of business. Let's give him that poke!

Pioneering in Farthest B.C.

By R. H. HALL

Ex-Commissioner of the Fur Trade

DURING my journeys on Company's business, I have seen a very large part of Canada's Northland. In 1896 I travelled from Port Simpson, B.C., to Wrangel, Alaska, and thence inland via the Steekine river to Telegraph creek and by trail to Dease lake, from which I descended by canoe to the Liard river and on to Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie, returning to civilization by the way of Great Slave lake, Athabasca lake and the Athabasca river and by trail from Athabasca Landing to Edmonton.

Taking the sea coast at Wrangel, Alaska, as my point of departure the distances travelled were as follows:

Wrangel to Telegraph creek by small river steamer	130 miles
Telegraph creek to Dease lake on foot	68 miles
Dease lake to junction of Dease and Liard rivers by canoe	240 miles
Liard river to Fort Simpson on Mackenzie by canoe	350 miles
Fort Simpson to Fort Providence by R. C. Mission steamer	161 miles
Fort Providence to Fort Resolution by R. C. Mission steamer	168 miles
Fort Resolution to Fort Smith by R. C. Mission steamer	194 miles
Smith Portage on foot	16 miles
Smith Portage to Pelican rapids on Athabasca by canoe	435 miles
Pelican rapids to Athabasca Landing by H.B.C. steamer	120 miles
Athasbasca Landing to Edmonton by trail with team	95 miles
Total distance travelled	1,977 miles

The most interesting features of this journey probably were that the same complete voyage had not previously been made by any Hudson's Bay officers and that I and my Tahltan Indian Louis passed safely down the canyons and whirlpools of the Liard river without a native guide and without any mishap.

At the Company's British Columbia post on the upper Liard I was warned by the Indians that the voyage could not be made until the summer freshet abated in the following month, and they refused to furnish me with a guide or assist in any way in a reckless adventure which they believed would be fatal to all concerned.

A few days after my return to Victoria in October a letter was received from the gold commissioner of Cassiar district advising that there was every reason to believe that I and my Indian Louis had perished on the Liard river, having started down at a time when the navigation was quite impossible, and that Indians who had walked up from the lower river, following the course of the stream, had seen nothing of us or our smokes.

I was able to write the gold commissioner that his report of my death was much "exaggerated." The entire story of this journey would occupy more space than *The Beaver* could spare.

In 1898 the Hudson's Bay Company undertook, at the request of the Canadian government, to take 200 Canadian soldiers from Vancouver and to deliver them and their supplies (100 tons) at Fort Selkirk on the Yukon.

It was a difficult proposition, as the government stipulated that the route must be by way of the Steekine river through the 30-mile strip of Alaska which Great Britain has by treaty the rights of navigation to Glenora, near the head of navigation, and thence overland to Teslin lake, involving a land transport of 190 miles of wilderness and forest, the crossing of three ranges of mountains, bridging innumerable mountain torrents, corduroying bottomless swamps and providing freight barges at Teslin lake to convey the soldiers and their supplies to destination at Fort Selkirk.

There were no trails other than the unmarked paths of the wandering Indian, and it was necessary between the 10th of June and the end of September to make a road of 190 miles over which pack horses could travel with their loads; bridges had to be constructed across torrents and canyons; swamps had to be corduroyed; timber had to be cut at Teslin lake, sawed into lumber by hand power and built into strong river barges or scows to take the officers and 200 men down stream to destination; three hundred pack horses or mules had to be brought in from southern British Columbia or from the state of Washington, together with a complete staff of men who understood the management of mountain transport with pack animals, not to mention men who could select the trees on the shores of Teslin lake and convert the standing timber into a fleet of barges to receive the living and dead cargo and navigate the craft they had created from Teslin lake to Fort Selkirk.

I spent the summer on the Steekine river and on the trail between Glenora and Teslin lake, having as my chief transport officer Malcolm McDougall, whom I had selected because of his all-round resourcefulness in pioneer undertakings. We had worked together for a lumbering firm in Ontario in the early seventies. He was a tower of strength and more than justified the confidence I had in him.

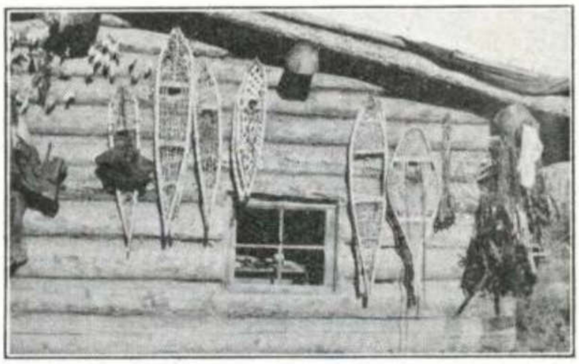
By the 20th of September our task was completed and the Union Jack waved over the men and supplies at Fort Selkirk, the work having been accomplished without the loss of a single life or of a pound of freight lost, damaged or missing. The most of the pack animals perished because the winter set in before they could be taken out of the country, but this was no financial loss as the cost of wintering the animals would have been greater than their value.

In 1899 the Company were asked by the government to salvage the human wrecks, reported as stranded, sick, or starving, of those who had set out in the previous year by various routes, all starting from Edmonton and all aiming to reach the Klondyke or to discover a new Eldorado in the depths of the northern wilderness.

Only two or three individuals of the vast numbers who set out from Edmonton in 1898 ever reached Klondyke or made any discovery, and the great majority of them got back by some way to Edmonton, poorer in pocket and in flesh but richer in experience, tribulation, sorrow and sickness.

Some hundreds were stranded, principally along the Upper Liard river, and quite a number of these died from hunger, exposure and sickness.

With the opening of navigation in 1899 I proceeded from Victoria to the Steekine, taking food supplies, medicines, clothing, etc., done up in packages of a size and weight that could be easily and quickly carried across portages.



TRAPPER'S cabin and winter footgear near the H.B.C. post at Fort Norman on the Mackenzie river: N.W.T. Photo by A. H. Richter.

These supplies were hurried inland from Glenora to Dease lake, and thence rushed down to the Liard river, where the majority of the unfortunates had by this time been located and reported on. About 180 of the survivors, many of them absolutely helpless from scurvy, were brought out to the Steekine and sent back to civilization by ocean steamers from Wrangel, Alaska.

In 1874, two years after I joined the service, I was instructed by my superior officer, Gavin Hamilton, to make a voyage in charge of a train of 42 supposedly broken pack horses of the mustang variety taking the year's supplies to the trading post at McLeod lake, about 100 miles distant from Fort St. James, the district headquarters. The pack animals had just been driven into the district from the ranges of Kamloops, B.C., and had arrived so late in the season that it was considered very doubtful if the trip for which they were required could be made before the winter set in. The animals had never been packed and were what is called "halter broken," which means that they had had halters on after they had been lassoed. I found it did not mean that the animals took kindly to work or that they would neglect an opportunity to kick you.

Several of them would not allow themselves to be loaded until we did it by brute force with the animal blinded. After being loaded they threw themselves on the ground, and only got upon their feet again when we put a torch or burning hay to their noses. We were handicapped from the start by the untrained condition of the animals, but, despite all drawbacks, I started with three half-breed assistants and 39 loaded animals on October 12th, when the grass was already perished and contained no nutriment to sustain an animal carrying a load.

The daily progress of a pack train is a single drive of ten to fifteen miles, and to accomplish this the animals are without food from 5 a.m. to 3 p.m. They are driven into camp (often before daylight) at 5 a.m. It is generally 7 a.m. before they are all collected, and it usually takes until 10 a.m. to get the packing harness (aparajoes) on and properly adjusted, the loads put on and secured, and the "bell mare" started on the trail at the head of the procession.

Our animals were in poor condition at the start; they were new to the work; such grass as they could pick up was too withered to nourish them, and they failed and lost strength quickly; so that before we reached McLeod's lake we had left four of them to live or die on the trail, and they died.

We increased the loads of ten of the best animals by 800 pounds and I and three men carried 100 pounds each into McLeod's lake on the 24th October.

We had carried out instructions, delivered the entire cargo in good order at destination and felt quite proud of ourselves. We rested three days at McLeod's lake and started on our return journey on the 27th with a few small packs of furs and a number of bales of moose skins, etc.

On the third day out, the 29th, a violent snowstorm set in which arrested our progress. We had brought little food with us from McLeod's, and had not the impudence to ask the post manager to share with us any part of the two bags of flour which he had just received from us for his year's supply. Our food supply was exhausted and by November 2nd it was quite apparent that winter had set in.

I decided to tramp alone to Fort St. James, 50 miles distant, leaving the three men to take care of the still living animals and the cargo, assuring them I would send them relief by dog trains as well as instructions from the district manager if he considered it possible in any way to salvage the remaining horses. For food I told them to pitch into the dead horses. On November 3rd at 4 p.m. I started on my moonlight trip, taking provisions in the form of a piece of moose tallow weighing less than a pound. I carried a hunter's hatchet and nothing else.

The snow was dry but very loose, and snowshoes would have been of no advantage if I had had them. The walking was difficult and exhausting.

I trudged along all day as fast as was possible. At 6 p.m. I made a brush bed under a spreading spruce tree, kindled a fire at my feet, ate some of the unpalatable tallow and, without blanket or overcoat, slept and dozed and built fires until daylight, when I started on without any breakfast and made splendid progress, as I had apparently got out of the worst of the storm area and travelling was much easier. I lost my way, however, in the afternoon, and more than an hour was spent in finding it, so that when dusk came on I was still about 15 miles from my objective, Fort St. James. I was growing weak through want of food and fatigue, and ready to throw myself down anywhere and go to sleep regardless of the certain consequence that I would freeze to death.

At this juncture I saw, or thought I saw, a camp fire ahead of me some distance near the trail, and my confidence and courage revived with the prospect of food and drink, shelter, hospitality, warmth and rest near at hand. When I arrived within twenty or thirty yards from the supposed camp fire, however, I discovered it was no ordinary fire, but something like a great electric torch around which two beautiful angels, with outspread wings, were slowly flying in circles. I was at once filled with the wildest alarm and fled past the angels as if I had been shot out of a gun. My lethargy and fatigue disappeared, and with renewed strength I walked bravely on during the night, and at 3 a.m. arrived at Fort St. James, where I was kindly looked after by my master and superior officer, Gavin Hamilton. The incident of seeing angels was, of course, only an hullucination of my mind resulting from hunger and fatigue, but I looked upon it the next day, and I look upon it now, as the means employed by Providence to save my life.

The Itinerant Owl

THE following letter was written December 28th, 1887, by J. W. Matheson, in charge of the Company's post at York Factory, to Chief Commissioner Wrigley at Winnipeg:

> *"It may interest you to know that one of our Indians trapped a grey owl last month some eighty miles north of the post. Attached to one of its legs was a small brass tag inscribed 'D. H. Talbot, Sioux City, Iowa, April 10th, 1884.'"*

York Factory is approximately one thousand miles due north of Sioux City.

The Grass in the Other Field

By R. S. HALL

YOU'VE seen it a number of times as you have ridden through the country—the amusing spectacle of a pair of horses, mules or goats, each in different fields and each giving his neck a severe strain as he tries to get at the grass that lies over the fence.

You laughed. All right, let's all laugh. Ha, ha!

Now let's think if we human mortals are often just like the horses, the mules or maybe the goats. Perhaps we don't like to think of ourselves as goats or even as mules, so let's compare ourselves to horses. It sounds nicer, because horses are supposed to have "horse sense."

Don't a lot of us do that same thing—reach out uselessly to another field? "Distance lends enchantment to the view." It is so easy to magnify the difficulties of the present job, the limitations of our opportunity as we see them, and to delude ourselves into thinking that where some other fellow is lies the real chance, the green grass.

Now let's admit right off that sometimes it is true that a man is in the wrong pew—that he is a square peg in a round hole, or a round peg in a square hole. One of the greatest problems of the world is that of finding out exactly what kind of work a man—and man in this sense also means woman—can do best. Employers are just as anxious to find out that as employees are, for it means better work and easier work and a happier time for all concerned.

But the truth is that most people don't themselves know what they can do to the best advantage until they have given themselves a thorough try-out. Sometimes the thing that at the very start they didn't think they would like turns out to be a job at which they are very efficient. They learned to like their work *when they became able to do it well.* It then became a satisfaction to them and a joy to the employer.

On the other hand, some people find out that the work they at first imagined was what they would really like isn't the thing for them.

Therefore, the sensible thing for everybody who has a job is to stick to the job and learn to do it well before concluding that he ought to have something else.

One of the most foolish notions that anyone ever allowed in his head is: "I could really do this work well, but nobody would ever notice it, so what's the use. I'll do it just well enough to 'get by.'"

The real truth is that in every organization there are men in executive positions who are always looking out for men above the average—men who can do their work a little better than necessary, so to speak—who need little or no supervision. They know only too well that the world has too few workers of this type. If you are of that type, be assured of this: That, though for a while your sincere efforts to make the 100 per cent standard may escape notice, sooner or later—and not very later either—somebody is going to discover your value and give you all the bigger chance that you are entitled to. Bank on that. It is the truest gospel you have read in a long time. I, who write these lines, know what I am talking about, for I can truthfully say that all through my life I have sooner or later been recognized for whatever worth while I have done. I believe it is true generally.

The other day I was greatly interested in reading in the New York *Times* what three executives of the Standard

Oil Company, who have risen from clerical or routine jobs to salaries of $30,000 a year had to say about their careers. R. H. McElroy's experience interested me particularly. He said, among other pointed things: "Any young man who has the right stuff in him, who is willing to work at his job and study after working hours, who will keep his eyes open . . . can achieve the same success that I and my associates have."

There are plenty of opportunities for spare-time study open to every young man who has the will to use a part of his "seven-to-ten-o'clocks" that way. Not only are there night classes in every populous community—at colleges, company schools and the local Y.M.C.A.—but many of the most prominent educational institutions now offer instruction by mail to the man who can't get in a local class what he needs to advance him in his chosen field of work.

Use some of your seven-o'clocks to put more into your head and you will get ahead. Don't be a mule or a goat. Don't pity yourself. Don't mind petty jealousies. The man who wins is the man who knows, while the grouch, the kicker, the fellow who keeps thinking that the world is against him, grows old with a sour look on his face.

Use your "horse sense." Get busy in your own pasture, and when you are too good a horse for your present lot there are employers ready to turn you into a bigger field—a prairie, if you are entitled to have that much free rein.

FRANKNESS PERSONIFIED

Candidate—Now, my friends, when you vote, you don't want to vote for a pig in a poke; you want to vote for me—and get the genuine article!

AN UNPOPULAR PEST

A beggar with a record as a professional panhandler stopped an actor on Broadway and asked for a coin with which to purchase food, whereupon the latter extracted a dime from his pocket and handed it to the hungry individual.

"Couldn't you make it a quarter?" whispered the wayfarer.

The actor smiled and shook his head.

"My dear friend," he replied, "I'm a dancer, not a magician."

Brief but Interesting

FACTS

About Western Canada

A GREAT national land colonization association is being organized in Canada, which will cooperate with government and railway immigration organizations in securing settlers from all parts of the world to occupy Canada's vacant lands. The association proposes to list and sell lands in approved districts on a 32-year payment plan; assist governments in originating and selecting settlers; care for settlers en route; direct settlers in the purchase of land; establish community welfare clubs to befriend settlers from the outset; direct movement of farm laborers to Canada, where they can become proprietary farmers; promote extensive movement of British boys to Canadian farms; and to encourage the migration of British women to Canada for employment on farms and in domestic service.

THE first agricultural fair held at The Pas, Manitoba, proved a success. The fine display of grains and vegetables surprised visitors, The Pas district having been considered by many to be outside the arable sections of the province.

AN influx of experienced agriculturists from Holland to Canada is likely, according to Baron J. C. C. Sandberg, who has lately been in Ottawa interviewing the minister of the interior. Baron Sandberg was in Ottawa representing the government of Holland, which proposes a scheme of assisted emigration of farmers and agricultural laborers and their families. The baron is now touring Western Canada investigating conditions and possibilities here.

POTATO-GROWERS of south-eastern Saskatchewan will market their potatoes co-operatively this season, taking advantage of the local government's marketing plan. There are 55,000 acres of potatoes in Saskatchewan this year.

THE outstanding feature of Canadian trade statistics for the fiscal year 1922 was the conversion of an adverse trade balance in 1921 to a favorable balance. During the year ended March 31, 1922, the trade balance was favorable to Canada, amounting to $6,122,677, as compared with an unfavorable balance for the same period in 1921 of $29,730,763 and for the pre-war year, 1914, of $163,756,774.

CANADA'S system of handling grain through elevators is being investigated by delegates from South Africa and India.

THE discovery of natural gas on the Frenchman's or White Mud river, in southern Saskatchewan, south of Swift Current, is creating much interest in that part of the country. Investigations are being made. Hopes are held out that oil may be found.

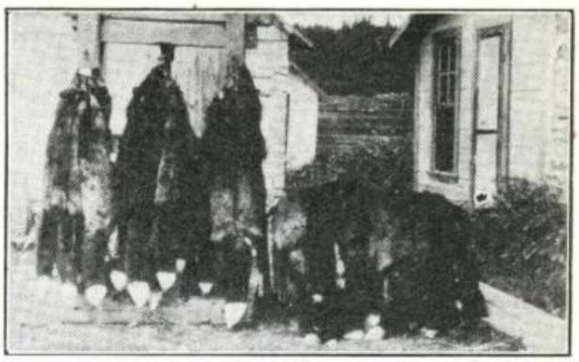
THE natural increase of the buffalo herd in the National park, on the C.N.R. at Wainwright, Alberta, last year was 1,075.

A PARTY of Illinois land men—John H. Brennan, W. L. Wallen, Paul Olsen and Orr Gallop—purchased 1,800 acres of improved land a few miles south-west of Winnipeg last month. Another party from Iowa are negotiating for a tract of 10,000 acres, which they propose to colonize under the ready-made farm system, the Winnipeg *Free Press* states.

THE Ottawa government has decided to permit of a wider use of western timber reserves for grazing cattle.

OVER 10,000 persons visited the Winnipeg Garden Show to inspect the magnificent display of fruits, vegetables and flowers. A large variety of beautiful Manitoba-grown apples and other tree fruits was an outstanding feature of the show.

CANADA'S exports of fresh apples to Great Britain last year, amounting to 1,272,533 barrels, were more than double the quantity sent to that market in either of the two preceding years.



WONDERFUL FOX FURS of the black and cross variety at Fort Simpson, N. W.T. The value of the skins shown is about $12,000.00 in their raw state.—Photo by A. H. Richter.

CANADIAN butter and eggs and other dairy produce are finding a steadily increasing demand in Great Britain, with the result that commodities which formerly were sold in the United States are now going overseas.

A FARMER at Lampman, Sask., threshed a field of oats which gave a yield of 80 bushels per acre and the grain weighed 40 pounds to the measured bushel.

THE oil well being drilled by the Manitoba government at Winnipegosis, near Dauphin, is now down 1,500 feet and distinct traces of oil have been encountered.

THE Aurous Mining Company is taking a 50-ton stamp mill to their mineral claims on Caribou island, Lake Athabaska, where a 45-foot shaft has disclosed a large showing of rich gold ore.

THE Canadian National Railways are moving the wheat crop of Western Canada to the lake front at Fort William and Port Arthur by trains comprising 100 cars each.

ACCORDING to an estimate made by the department of agriculture, wheat in Manitoba this season will give an average yield of 20 bushels per acre; oats 40 to 45 bushels, and barley 30 bushels. Every section of the province shares in the good harvest.
—From the "Latest News of the Last West."

A VISIT TO RED RIVER

An Account Written in 1878 by an American Who Visited the Settlement

THERE is a spot on this continent which travelers do not visit, and from which civilization seems in a measure shut out. Deserts almost trackless divide it on all sides from the habitations of cultivated man; no railroads or steamers or telegraph wires or lines of stages make their way thither: to reach it, or once there to escape from it, is an exploit of which one may almost boast. Receiving no impressions from without, it reflects none. It sends forth neither newspapers, nor books, nor correspondents' letters; no paragraph in any newspaper records its weal or woe; it is not even marked on the maps or mentioned in the gazeteers. Yet Red River Settlement, for that is the name of the unknown spot, contains a population of nearly 6000 souls, eleven places of public worship, profusely supplied with clergy (including two bishops), a citadel of formidable strength and large size (Fort Garry), several large two-story stone houses with "modern conveniences," a dozen mills, ever so many model farms stocked with fine cattle and provided with all the modern implements of agriculture, one or two manufacturing establishments, a court house with a recorder at $4000 a year, a governor, staff, and an imposing body of mounted police. There is more than one good library there, and several good cellars; a man may dine there according to Soyer, drive a two-forty nag in a dashing cariole over the crisp snow, dance the last Cellarius polka redowa with ladies of any shade of color from the pure bronze to the mere white, discuss the principles of human society and the theory of popular governments as learnedly as the thing could be done at Washington or Cincinnati. Assuredly such an oasis in the great North American Sahara ought not to share the fate of braves who lived before Agamemnon.

It was in the month of June that I started, in company with a gentleman whose duties obliged him to undertake the journey, for the settlement on Red river. We left Sault Ste. Marie in a "north canoe" pulled by ten stout half-breeds. I can recommend this mode of traveling to lazy men. One lies down on blankets or skins, or whatever couch has been prepared; the motion of the canoe after the first day is positively delightful, and the judicious traveler takes care to lay in a stock of books and cigars to occupy the day. Nothing to be done there but read and smoke; for one soon tires of the stories which the half-breeds tell and of the plaintive old French songs (among which I recognized some that I had heard before in Normandy and Lower Brittany) which they chant in time to the paddles. At night we ran ashore and camped out; this, to be honest, was the least pleasant part of the journey, for besides the insects—themselves enough to disgust a traveler—the night dews and the morning mist were formidable enemies to one who had been visited by our periodic "chills." However, none of us suffered, and after nine days' travel, during which we were occasionally enlivened by the danger of a traverse, when a sudden flaw might have sent us all to the bottom in ten minutes beyond hope of salvation, we arrived at Fort William, the great western settlement of the Hudson's Bay Company on Lake Superior. A couple of days were passed there rambling through the country and on the lake shore in search of game and geological specimens; on the third we took to our canoe again and began to ascend the river toward Rainy lake. The first day or two were very pleasant. The scenery was fine, and my companion, who was a tolerable sportsman, made some clever shots at wild fowl, whose homes we were disturbing. But our pleasure was soon to end. Rain began to fall, probably in order to justify the name of the lake to our ears; and on warm evenings the mosquitoes were very troublesome. We bore up against all: when the rain was heavy we ran the canoe up on the beach, encamped, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could; as for the mosquitoes, we avenged the sins of the few on the many without, however, materially alleviating the torment.

After several days' travel, interspersed with these wet days, we came to the great portage, where a walk of a good many miles awaited us. I was glad of it for my part, by way of a change; but the *voyageurs*, to whose lot it fell to carry the canoe over the uneven ground, up hill and through swamp, had a hard time I fear. They enjoyed their pipe and sleep the evening we reached the stream flowing into Lake Winnipeg. A week more paddling and we came in sight of the broad waters of Lake Winnipeg and the pretty French-like houses of the half-breeds on Red river. Before our journey was fairly ended, I saw in that almost inaccessible wild several farms and farm-houses which would have done credit to the best portions of the valley of the Central or Erie railroads.

Before I allude to them, I must say a word of the history of Red River Settlement, which is stirring for so out-of-the-way a place.

Forty-five years ago the most powerful potentate on this continent was one Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk. President Madison had power enough to contend with all the might of Great Britain; but Thomas Douglas ruled a far wider realm than he. He was a chief of the Hudson's Bay Company. No carpet knight he; in the depth of the pathless woods, on the virgin streams, in the bosom of the arctic snows, his spurs were won. A man of private means, which he sacrificed to this Company, he was also brave and enterprising. Neither expense, nor danger, nor obstacles, could deter him from his resolves. To the perseverance of the Scot he united the fire of the Celt; with the proud self-reliance of the peer he combined the shrewd tact of the merchant.

At that time the great fur country was disputed by two rival companies, the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Company. Their charters were distinct, and so were their territories. But there was not room for both. Every man in the Northwest knew that one of the two must perish, and those who measured the respective strength of the rivals said confidently that the Hudson's Bay Company was doomed. Thomas, Earl of Selkirk, made up his mind that it must conquer, and that the Northwesters must go to the wall.

Examining with the eye of a soldier the country where the war was to be carried on, he saw that two grand essentials were wanting to his side—physical strength and a base of operations. To supply both he obtained from the Company and from various Indian tribes claiming to hold dominion over the territory a grant of land in the neighborhood of Red river, a tributary of Lake Winnipeg which joins the lake about 400 miles northwest of Fort William, and made arrangements to transport thither colonists from the Scotch Highlands. A stout colony firmly established there would not only equalize the strength of the combatants, but would afford the Hudson's Bay Company an unrivaled base of operations as well as a convenient stepping-stone to the trade of the West. Accordingly, in the summer of 1812, the Earl of Selkirk transplanted the "first brigade" of colonists to Red river. The settlers were to have a hundred acres of land each, to be paid for in produce (the payment was afterward remitted); they were to have a minister of their own persuasion; they were to enjoy the rights of British subjects; and they were guaranteed a market at their own doors for all their produce. On these terms hardy Highlanders were not wanting to risk the adventure.

But neither were the Northwesters blind. Their preparations were made silently, effectively. No sooner had the "first brigade" arrived, than a band of men, begrimed with war-paint, dressed in Indian dress and armed to the teeth, rode down upon them and bade them depart. Strange to say, there was not an intelligible word spoken on either side. The colonists spoke nothing but Gaelic; their assailants Indian-French. But the gestures of the latter were too plain to be mistaken. Out of charity they agreed to carry the women and children on the crupers of their horses; the men were to walk. For the "services" of their guides they paid as they could. A woman gave her wedding-ring; a Gael the cherished musket his father had borne at Culloden. So they traveled, sore of heart and foot, by the side of their conquerors to Pembina.

After living there on charity during the winter, they returned to Red River in the spring. A year's peace enabled them to break ground and rear shelter. In 1815 the Northwesters were upon them again. This time there was resistance. Accordingly the Northwesters burned down the colonial house, took the governor prisoner, killed his aid. Then more fighting; and finally the brief mandate from the Northwest headquarters: "All settlers to retire immediately from the Red river and no appearance of a colony to remain." A command executed to the letter. Three hundred miles over the wilderness the Highlanders were sent in exile and their houses burned down.

Nothing discouraged, the Hudson's Bay Company sent a strong force to escort the exiles back to the settlement. A new brigade arrived just in time to help them rebuild their houses. The Northwesters changed their tactics. They too hired Gaels and sent them to Red River with instructions to seduce the colonists to leave the place. The Highlanders, proof against corruption, could not resist the old familiar sounds of the Gaelic. They deserted in droves. Depopulation menaced the settlement. The Earl of Selkirk calmly prepared to import more brigades.

At last, in June, 1816, matters came to a crisis. News reached Governor Semple at Red River that a body of 300 horsemen, war-painted and heavily armed, was approaching the settlement. In a rash moment he armed himself and twenty-seven others and marched out to parley. At a short distance from the enemy he halted and consulted his aids. At that moment a ball from the enemy struck a man at his side. A volley followed, and twenty-one of the twenty-eight, including the governor, were shot dead; the other seven escaped wounded. The victors marched into the settlement, sacked and burned the houses, carried off all that was worth stealing, and drove out the colonists, warning them that they would be hunted down and shot like wild beasts if they appeared there again. It was some consolation afterward to the survivors of the ruthless attack to discover that twenty-six out of the sixty-five Northwesters who fired on Governor Semple perished violently within a short period.

Then the Earl of Selkirk acted. He was in the country. He had brought with him from Europe a battalion of Swiss mercenaries of the Dalgetty stamp—men who were called De Meurons, from an old colonel of theirs, and who "feared neither God, man, nor beast." With these he marched directly on Fort William, the headquarters of the Northwest Company, and took it. This was a fine piece of strategy, as it threw the Northwesters on the defensive and made the Hudson's Bay party the assailants. Under cover of the capture of Fort William, the earl led back the exiles for the third time to Red River, remitted the price of their lands and re-established the colony on a new and solid basis. He chose mill-sites, set apart lands for religious and educational establishments, surveyed the colony, advanced the settlers tools and stock. Under his directions agricultural operations were commenced on a sound principle, and in some spots a yield of forty-fold rewarded the Highlanders' industry.

Still, as farming had been begun too late, the harvest was scanty, and at the approach of winter the whole colony abandoned the place. They fled to Pembina, there hoping to subsist on the product of the chase. When they arrived there, they found they must join a party of Indians and half-breeds which had set out some days previously. Off they started through the snow. They were ill clad and ill supplied with food. The thermometer ranged from 35 degrees to 40 degrees below zero. "Our sufferings," said one of the wretched Highlanders, "were almost beyond human endurance, and even at this distant day we shudder at the painful recollection; for many a time, when the last mouthful was consumed and our children crying for more, we knew not how or where the next morsel was to come from. A rabbit, a crow, a snowbird, or even a piece of parchment would be found, perhaps; and thus from time to time we kept body and soul together. . . . We reached the camp when the last morsel of food was gone, and we were at the last gasp on the eve of Christmas-day."

Starvation avoided by entering the service of the Indian hunters as camp drudges, the Highlanders returned to Red River in the spring. This fourth beginning was the most promising of all.

(*To be continued*)

BEAVER
CHIPS
The Beaver

THE SIMPLE LIFE

First Cannibal—Our chief has hay fever.
Second Cannibal—What brought it on?
First Cannibal—He ate a grass widow.

CRAPS

"Niggah, shoot yoh dollah, and give us a little Ford action."

"Boy, what do you-all mean by Ford action?"

"Shake, rattle and roll, niggah; shake, rattle and roll."

HEN VERACITY

"Do you say that your hens 'sit' or 'set'?" asked the precise pedagogue of the busy housewife.

"It never matters to me what I say," was the quick reply. "What concerns me is to learn, when I hear the hen cackling, whether she is laying or lying."

THE IRISH COAST

An officer on board a warship was drilling his men.

"I want every man to lie on his back, put his legs in the air, and move them as if he were riding a bicycle," he explained. "Now commence."

After a short effort, one of the men stopped.

"Why have you stopped, Murphy?" asked the officer.

"If ye plaze, sir," was the answer, "Oi'm coasting."

PAPER EVERYTHING

The wife of one of the new rich was having her palatial mansion redecorated. Painters and paper-hangers swarmed like ants, and slapped on gilt paint by the bucketful.

The foreman approached the mistress of the house one morning. "I've just finished the morning-room," he said. "What next?"

"You can do the study on Friday," said the lady.

"What shall we do in the interim madam?"

"Oh, paper that, too!"

THE ABSENT-MINDED RECTOR

"How will you have your roast beef, rare or well done?" the rector was asked by his host.

"Well done," replied the good rector, and added absent mindedly, "good and faithful servant."

WOULDN'T MIND THAT

An Italian who kept a fruit stand was much annoyed by possible customers who made a practice of handling the fruit and pinching it, thereby leaving it softened and often spoiled. Exasperated beyond endurance he finally put up a sign which read: "If you must pincha da fruit—pincha da cocoanut!"

FORTUNATE

"There's such a thing as overdoing the 'bright side' business," said Billings. "The other night I was at the Joyces', and Joyce—you know how absent-minded he is—put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth. He jumped three feet, and was a little noisy for a minute. In the middle of it all Mrs. Joyce smiled blandly and said:

"How fortunate you were, dear, to discover it so soon!"

CHECKING UP

Roy Simpson, negro laborer, was putting in his first day with a construction gang whose foreman was known for getting the maximum amount of labor out of his men. Simpson was helping in the task of moving the right-of-way, and all day long he carried heavy timbers and ties until at the close of the day he was completely tired out. Came quitting time. Before he went he approached the boss and said:

"Mister, you sure you got me down on the payroll?"

The foreman looked over the list of names he held. "Yes," he said finally, "here you are—Simpson—Roy Simpson. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yaas suh, bos," said the negro, "dass right. I thought mebbe you had me down as Sampson."

THE WOLVES OF THE NORTHWEST

As far as I have observed there are four different species of wolf in the Northwest: The small prairie wolf or coyote; another of larger size, often met with among the prairie wolves not far from and a little way within the wooded country, probably bred from the large timber wolf and the coyote; a third, the large timber wolf, which remains entirely in the woods and barren grounds to the North; and lastly the coast wolf, the largest in size, met with only on the shores of the Hudsón Bay and along the coast of the Arctic Circle.

When the buffalo were numerous the coyotes were in hundreds all over the prairie. They could not kill any animal larger than a rabbit, but they lived on the numerous buffalo killed and left by hunters. Mice and gophers were also a standby for them, though when they got hold of a previously wounded or blind animal they literally tore him to pieces while he could stand on his legs. Now, though still in considerable numbers, they are by no means as numerous as formerly. Alone, they are unable to kill a sheep, but will play havoc among domestic fowls; joined by one of the larger species, however, they will kill sheep and sometimes young calves.

The larger timber wolf will pull down almost any animal that exists in the country. They do not, as some imagine, spring at the neck, but always get their teeth fastened in the sinews of the hind leg and then throw themselves down. Before they are drawn any distance the sinews break, the animal is hamstrung and down he comes.

When more than one are after an animal, some will run ahead and on either side just to bother the animal till one behind, generally an old hand, gets a grip. They are a cowardly lot, except when starving, and if faced will run away. They are pretty numerous all over the northwest territories, more particularly where caribou are plentiful.

As a rule they do not travel in large packs, but in March, the rutting season, they collect together in large numbers.

Twice I got into these packs. On one occasion I had been to a Chipewyan camp, where I had traded a lot of furs, leather and provisions, and, the dogs being too heavily laden to do the distance between the camp and Fort McMurray in one day, I had started away in the night alone, intending to make the fort by the following day. I had a long distance through thick woods to travel before reaching the river, and I presently observed a lot of fresh tracks which I took to be those of caribou till it occurred to me that this was not a caribou country. On striking a light I at once became aware that I was among a pack of wolves, who were running around me.

I did not relish the situation very much, for I had neither gun nor axe with me, nothing but my pocket-knife. With this, however, I cut a club, and now and then as I proceeded I lit my pipe. As I did so I fancied I saw forms flitting about ahead and behind till I got to the bank of the river. Then I perceived seven wolves trotting on before me, upon which I gave a yell and started after them. When they saw me commencing the attack, they cut across the river as fast as they could go. The others dared not follow, but contented themselves with howling from the bank, and I saw no more of them.

Numbers of horses were always being killed by these wolves on the Peace river and in the mountains when we kept wild horses, and I am afraid they will do a lot of damage to the settlers when deer become scarce and the wolves are starving. The situation is likely to become as bad as in Russia and as it was in France till the wolves are exterminated.

The Chipewyan Indians will kill a wolf but, owing to some superstition, will never skin one, and thus many a fine robe is lost.

Once at Fort Resolution a wolf was seen between the stable and the house. Mr. Swanston, the clerk in charge, went out with his gun, but the wolf was then entering the woods, where Mr. Swanston declined to follow him. Shortly afterwards a little girl about ten years old went down the bank for a kettle of water; the wolf followed her, but before he had hold of the child Mr. Swanston's large train dogs caught sight of him and rushed upon him in time to save the girl's life. The wolf was literally torn to pieces.—*From the Notes of an H.B.C. Factor.*

YORKTON
Store News

AT LAST our provincial government has realized the necessity of good roads. Contracts have been given for graded gravel highways to Melville on the southwest (28 miles), Canora on the north (30 miles), and Saltcoats on the east (22 miles). These roads run through rich territory and will be trade stimulators of no small consequence to our town.

We had ideal weather in September and October for threshing. There were hundreds of threshing outfits operating through this district, the writer having stood at one point and counted four outfits operating.

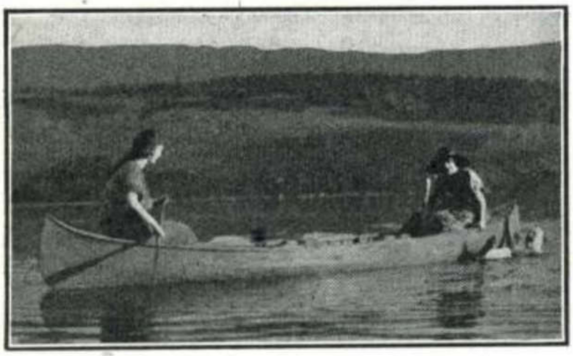
Mr. Sharpe, the European drapery buyer, was here a short time ago. He thinks he would rather have B.C. winters than our glorious 40-below.

Mr. N. S. McMillan, dry goods department manager, went to Calgary on a buying trip. Mac is very optimistic about next Spring's business.

We extend a hearty welcome to the new stenographer, Miss Mildred Thompson.

Miss Clark, of the millinery, was in her "element" during the fall millinery opening and reports splendid business.

VERNON, B.C.
Store News



Two of the office staff at Kalamalka Lake

Besides a number of showers, Miss Mabel Strange, manageress of the ready-to-wear department, was the recipient of a set of carvers from the staff on leaving the service to be married.

We welcome a new face among us, Miss Livingstone from Winnipeg. Already she is enamoured of Vernon's unparalleled climate. Who wouldn't be—unless during the burst-pipe period of 25 below.

Messrs. Watson, Henderson and Bone are now talking in a civilized language one can understand. The Vernon Caledonian games have come and gone for another year. Some men can eat porridge, oatcakes and shortbread, drink Scotch, wear kilts and listen to the bagpipes, and still look as if they enjoyed life. The thing is really incomprehensible

The Klootch Who Cooks the Grub for Jim

By ROBERT WATSON

*"From Hudson Bay to Beaufort Sea,
I know no cook so clean as she,
So good or clean as Sal McGhee,
The klootch who makes the grub for me*

*"From pork and beans, and real plum duff;
From flip flap-jacks, and such fine stuff,
To bull-moose stew, she'd call the bluff
Of all your first-class cooking fluff.*

*"And clean—good land!—as clean's a linnet.
When cooking sausage, wants to skin it.
She scours and scrubs 'most every minute.
My shack's so clean, I hate go in it."*

*Thus spoke the gallant Jimmy Shand,
The boss of all that daring band
Who barter furs in Chako Land
That ladies sport in London's Strand.*

*We called to bite and sup with Jim,
To view what Sal had done for him.
The house was trig, and Sal looked trim,
Although as fat as Shand was slim.*

*She set a basin on a chair,
And, heedless of my prying stare,
She washed her face and hands with care—
No cleaner housewife anywhere.*

*We yarned, and tried our thirsts to slake;
While Sal set in to fry and bake.
But as we talked, I watched her make
What hit me as a serious break.*

*She served up flap-jacks by the stack,
Which charmed the hearts of Jim and Mack.
The moment Sally turned her back,
I passed them up. They ate the whack.*

*And later on, when going to bed,
"By gosh! you missed a treat," Mack said.
"Sal's flap-jacks, that you turned down dead,
The best on which I've ever fed."*

*I laughed. "Man, Mack, its death you're facin'.
A strong emetic you'll be chasin'.
Sal mixed her batter in the basin
With slops she washed her hands and face in."*

Even Scotty Macdonald, the gallant Kamloops accountant, could not resist the urge to visit Vernon's Highland games. He ran the gamut of his emotions. He "hooched" for joy at the dancing, turned up his eyes in holy ecstasy when he heard the pipes, and "grat his een baith bleart and blin'" when the Kamloops footballers went down to defeat.

The Okanagan fruit situation at present is such that the growers feel they are simply working for the C.P.R.

Overheard in the shoe department; Bassett (serving a chinaman)—Ya, I savee! Pletty good, you betya! Five dolla-half. Wear allee time—one, two year p'laps. P'laps more, p'laps not so muchee! Catchem good fit—heap fine—fit good—look velly good. You want catchem two pair, ya? That be 'leven dolla. Good bye. You come back soon, eh—huh? *Chinaman*—Ya, come back heap quick afta two year I wear 'em. Yu weng ka check tho yung ho chi-ku-su? (Collapse of Bassett who thinks he has started a Tong war.)

Our Fall opening was quite an "affair." The upper floor was hardly large enough to seat our lady visitors during the "live" model display.

We were pleased to have a visit from Mr. Whalley of the Winnipeg grocery department. But we cannot understand why the "juice" it doesn't hurt him to the "core" trying to become "wealthy" by "skinning" an Okanagan "Duchess." Such behaviour gives us the "pip."

SASKATOON

Store Notes

THE following reporters have been appointed for *The Beaver: Basement,* Mr. Tupman; *first floor,* Miss Horrocks; *second floor,* Miss M. Devine; *third floor,* Mr. Wakeford; *fourth floor,* Miss Allen; *fifth floor,* Mr. Ling. While the number of contributions has not been as large as we would like to see, we feel that greater interest will be stimulated and real live news items will be forthcoming.

Saskatoon buyers who recently visited Calgary include Mr. Faulkner, men's wear; Mr. Harris, ready-to-wear; Mr. Sutherland, dry goods, and Mr. Chubb, smallwares. They report a very successful trip and have only words of the highest praise for the Calgary store.

Mrs. Clarke, of the Calgary store was a recent visitor to Saskatoon.

Saskatoon store is much indebted to Miss Beggs of the Calgary store for the assistance rendered in connection with the opening of the *Imperial* restaurant.

Sympathy is extended to F. A. Vandrick, wholesale manager, on the recent death of his father. The funeral took place at Port Elgin, Ontario.

Congratulations are extended to the drapery workroom staff for the character of the work produced for the opening of the *Imperial* restaurant. The lambrequins are decidedly rich, being of rose velour and effectively trimmed with blue and grey braid and fringe.

Steps are being taken to enter a team in the mercantile bowling league this season. There are a number of good bowlers on the staff, and it is felt that a very creditable showing could be made.

Mr. Hall, manager of the grocery department, was a recent visitor to Winnipeg. He is much impressed with the candy factory and is taking steps to make our candy department one of the livest in the store.

The store committee is now an established fact. The results of an interesting and keenly contested election were as follows: Department managers' representative, C. N. Chubb; office, Miss E. Miller; non-selling, A. Cowie; selling, A. E. McClocklin. A preliminary meeting has been held and an outline of work prepared. We expect great things from the store committee, and it is up to every member of the staff to give the committee a full measure of support.

J. S. Smith, general manager, has just returned from a flying trip to eastern markets. Mr. Smith was successful in securing many special lines for the harvest sale which will be held early in November and for which plans are now being prepared.

Imperial Restaurant

ANOTHER link has been added to the chain of H.B.C. dining room service. On Saturday, October 14th, the *Imperial* restaurant was opened to the people of Saskatoon and district. A special afternoon tea was served from 3 to 5.30, and from 6 to 8 a special full-course dinner was served. Rowley's orchestra was in attendance during the afternoon and evening, providing a very enjoyable program.

Crowded attendance was the rule both during the afternoon and evening. Judging from the remarks overheard, the *Imperial* restaurant fills a long felt need in Saskatoon.

The restaurant is located on the fourth floor. It is richly and artistically decorated in Chippendale style, the color scheme used being French grey, Belgian blue and old rose. The new Radiant-light fixtures are used.

One section of the restaurant may be curtained off to provide a private dining room for banquets, club dinners, dinner and matinee parties.

The kitchen is thoroughly modern in every particular and equipped with the very latest devices to render the quickest possible service.

Now that the restaurant has been opened, work on the grocery refrigeration system, the staff entrance, and the women's wash rooms will be rushed forward with all possible speed.

The demonstration booth in the grocery department is proving a big attraction. Mrs. Hampton is in charge, and she has already won a host of friends for the store.

The blowing out of a steam pipe at the city power house cut off the electrical supply on Saturday, October 7th. It was necessary to close the store from 5.30 until the power came on at 6.20.

October 6 and 7 were eventful days for the art needlework department. The centre aisle on the main floor was given over to a big shipment of models and stamped pieces; special department and window displays were arranged; a headline advertisement featured the various lines; demonstrations were arranged. The results were big, showing what co-operation can do.

An advertisement that caused widespread comment was a full page of standardized lines, using the new cuts supplied by head office. It was something entirely new in this district.

The Question Box

We would like to know what the employee in the men's furnishings department discovered upon entering the fitting room on the main floor.

What caused the great excitement in the trimming department October 9th? Two years seem quite an absence.

By the way, we would like to know how Mr. McClocklin secured his election as sales force representative? Some say there was a suspicion of bribery—we wonder if they got IT!

We would like to ask Mr. Chubb if he has completed that "best seller?"

Does Mr. Rundle still think it was cold for September, or does he think the question "very abrupt"?

Who is the member of the 5th floor staff who has memorized the "Wedding March" since helping a friend on his life job?

We would like to ask Mr. Hummich if he has secured that new "table" yet?

Mr. Lear, formerly of the Ranchman's club, Calgary, is the chef in the *Imperial* restaurant.

Ode to the City Power Plant

The shades of night were falling fast
And from the West there came a blast!
"What is that sound, oh Daddy, dear?"
And now the lights are not so clear.
"'Tis nothing much—just the power plant, son,
Has taken a rest. We'll sit in the dark till the new valve is on."—*Anonymous.*

Mrs. Gibson, formerly of Robinson's, Winnipeg, has joined the staff of the H.B.C. She is in the children's department.

Mr. Ballantyne is a newcomer. He is in the men's furnishings department.

Mr. Rolfe of the fourth floor has left the employ of the Company.

Miss M. Hamilton of the silks department had a very serious operation recently. She is in St. Paul's hospital and is progressing favorably.

The millinery staff had quite a surprise last month when they discovered that Miss Harbour had been married. She is now Mrs. N. J. Shearer and is living at Duck Lake. A gift to her of a silver cake tray carried best wishes.

The Saskatoon rugby football team (the *Quakers*) sporting the H.B.C. emblem on their sweaters won their first game recently from the university, the score being 36 to *nil*. They are picked by many to win the western championship.

WINNIPEG

WALTER Davison and a flock of chickens which he sneaked up on near Marquette, Manitoba, last month. Mr. Davison and the editor of *The Beaver* went on a wild goose chase in that locality October 15th. The geese, however, were evasive and only two foolish ganders came to the slaughter. The two hunters returned on the fourth day with a sizable bag apiece, which included nearly every kind of wild fowl but ptarmigan. Even the wild hare tribe sent a delegate.

We do not show the picture of Davison—scowling, smeared with oil and grime after a whole day spent in taking his limousine apart to replace a shattered pinion gear. This is for private exhibition only.

Other H.B.C. hunters who chased chickens for a few days last month were: *R. J. Hughes, Sam Beggs and T. Upjohn* of the retail store. They motored eighty miles north and brought back thirteen birds and two bad colds.

Making Friends for the Store

By D. C. BROWNE

THERE is a vast difference that is sometimes overlooked between *making a sale* and *making a friend*. Often, I think too great stress is laid on the necessity of a salesperson urging a prospective customer to buy.

A very able lecturer on salesmanship tells his audience that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the salesperson could, by the exercise of sufficient willpower, compel the prospect to purchase the merchandise he desires to sell.

While fully agreeing with this statement, I certainly disagree with the suggestion implied. The art of selling is not, I maintain, to force an immediate sale, but to make a *friend* of whosoever enters the store.

As an instance, a woman refurnishing her home recently purchased some curtain material and remarked that she really needed some new portieres, as her old ones had faded and were not the right size for her new home, and also complained of the many calls on her funds owing to refurnishing.

Instead of producing samples and pressing her into purchasing new portieres (a comparatively easy task in this case), the salesperson suggested that she bring in the old portieres for an opinion as to whether they could be re-dyed and made to fit the new home, at the same time pointing out the saving by this procedure.

The salesperson lost a sale of new portieres, but made a friend who will continually come back to the person who was studying her interests and she will pass on the news to friends.

That is the kind of advertising that costs little but gets results. Selling in these days is undoubtedly an art in which diplomacy is one of the outstanding features. The modern salesperson has to rise far above the old methods of forcing merchandise on customers through fear of losing a sale. In these days of keen competition, abundance of stores and an almost equality of prices, the merchant has to rely more and more on his selling force, and the organization that makes good must carefully study its clients' interests and endeavor to show them that the store is there to help them save while spending.

"Pleasing personality and efficient service" is a slogan salespeople should bear in mind if they would have customers come back.

It is rather a fine thought to remind ourselves that we are not just wrappers of parcels, but among the chief factors in our employer's organization, and with the interest that naturally comes with giving this kind of service the monotony and drabness disappear from the daily routine.

For your own sake and for the good of the Company, *make a friend of each new customer*.

AN ACROSTIC—*By Miss Boake*

*B*right, breezy, little "Beaver"
*E*ver works for H.B.C.,
*A*dvertising our endeavour,
*V*italizing every member,
E'en to those across the sea,

OVERHEARD IN THE STAFF LUNCHROOM

By Sugar and Cream

We have heard—

That a young lady in the music department is taking a beau on the recommendation of one of the bureau beauties. *We wish her luck!*

That the aforesaid young gentleman wears low necked shoes and a high heeled collar. *Again we wish her the best of luck!*

That a certain popular young lady in the drugs and one of our young department managers have been seen admiring the moonlight while returning from a house-party lately. *Very good match we think!*

That a dark young lady frequents the back stairs a great deal lately. *Grocery boys, who's guilty?*

That Mrs. Ferguson has been receiving heather from her "ain bonny shores." *Who is he, Fergy?*

That it would be well to see one of the parcel girls in the hardware as to her latest taste in diamonds!

That Billy, the advertising department boy, is very interested in chickens. *Girls, get your feathers out!*

That Miss Boake is making something yellow and long and very mysterious. *Scandal will grow, Miss Boake, if you do not tell us what it is!*

Get a Hobby and Ride It

By G. FOSTER

WHAT do you do in your spare time? After work hours, with the evening to yourself, what do you do? Have you a hobby? Do you collect anything? Do you spend some of your spare time in an endeavor to better your position in the world? Are you interested in anything apart from your work, yet which affords hours of pleasant diversion? Are you a radio bug? Perhaps you like to study music?

There are many different things that can be done which are not only entertaining but elevating. Perhaps you are not quite satisfied with your job. Why not spend a little of your spare time in learning something about the position

Rendering cheer to the "Big Family."

higher up? There is always an oppor-

tunity for those who can do something and do it well.

Could you not set aside two or three of the seven evenings in the week to better yourself. one way or another? That leaves plenty of time for recreation and amusement.

There are many ways of doing this. Perhaps, one of the best ways would be to take advantage of the splendid courses offered at our night schools. It is not too late yet to do so. A little time spent wisely now is practically certain to prove profitable later on.

What you do in your spare time is as important to you as what you do in your employer's time. The person who is prepared is the person who succeeds, and your spare time, utilized in the right way, will go a long way towards fitting you for the big opportunity when it comes.

Curling

A PRELIMINARY organization meeting for curling was held October 11th, a good attendance being present, and things begin to look bright for another successful year. It was decided that Deer Lodge rink be engaged for each Monday night from 8 to 11 p.m., six sheets of ice being available.

A bumper crop of enthusiasts numbering about fifty have promised to curl or learn to curl. This is double the number of last season. Mr. G. Payne, speaking for the delivery, suggested that all delivery players form into separate rinks. We are pleased to see this, as it will enable other departments to form sectional rinks and keep the rivalry very keen throughout the season.

A young saleslady from the hardware and paint department was recently seen running around the third floor besmeared and bedaubed with blue paint. Is it a new fashion, or was it someone on the warpath?

Customer, in millinery department—"That's a lovely hat. Those trimmings are cackle feathers, are they not?" *Miss McCheyne*—"Not ex-

Mr. Frankish, manager of the notions and fancy goods department, was the recipient of a handsome gold watch from fellow managers and a gold initialed pencil from his department associates on October 14th. This was the date set for his departure from amongst us, but last moment arrangements decided him to remain. Needless to say all were glad at his decision. In presenting the gifts, Mr. Hughes asked his acceptance of them as a mark of the very sincere regard held for him as a man and as a fellow worker. We join in wishing him luck and long continuance of his usefulness with the Company.

Anyone wishing to drive a motor car without a license should consult Mr. Hannesson of the grocery department. We hear he has had some experience in that line, but he is rather modest and won't say much about it. We did hear it rumored, however, that the magistrate said "Four dollars, Mr. Hannesson."

Mr. Davison was not so fortunate. The rural "beak" that sat on his awful crime of driving with a glaring headlight assessed him $14. Such is justice.

H. G. Clements, the man who kept the tennis courts in such good order, was the recipient of an unexpected bonus from the members. The gift was well earned and much appreciated.

Things We Would Like to Know

Why Miss Florence Tattersall was in the china department with a long list as if purchasing for more than one? Do coming events cast their shadows before?

Did Miss Maud Pardo and Miss Helen MacPhee enjoy their dinner at the undertakers' a few days ago?

We are pleased to report that Miss MacPhee, Miss Rigney and Mr. Carter are very much better since their visit to Dr. Kremer, the bone specialist. Miss MacPhee is now able to sit and watch a picture show in comfort.

Heard on elevator—The would-be funny man, after rattling the elevator, remarked to the operator that there was something wrong with the car.

actly, madam; though they come from cacklers. They are called 'hackle'."

Another passenger retorted, "There must be a nut loose somewhere."

A. Keele was kept busy hand-shaking on his return from a month's absence due to an operation for appendicitis. We hope he will soon regain his normal good health and strength.

Socks and the North Pole

IT all depends on the point of view. When Stefansson the explorer was returning from his five years in the Arctic, he stopped in at a small haberdashery in Seattle to buy some socks. When he gave his name and address to have the goods sent to his hotel, the clerk asked him if he were the explorer.

"Lord Harry!" exclaimed the clerk. "How can a man waste five years of his life in the frozen north?"

"What have you been doing for the last five years?" asked Stefansson.

"Been right here," replied the clerk, "selling socks."

LAND DEPT. NEWS

H.B.C. Edmonton Housing Plan Progresses

By B. A. EVERITT

A NEW colony of moderate-sized attractive homes is gradually being established through the enterprise of the Hudson's Bay Company on its Edmonton reserve. During the past two years eighteen well-built, moderate-sized homes have been erected by H.B.C. on fifty-foot lots.

Some of the houses face Queen Mary park between Norwood boulevard and 109th avenue. No doubt in the near future the city authorities will appreciate the advisability of improving this park and establishing an attractive, permanent breathing space which in years to come, as the city develops and becomes more thickly populated, will be invaluable.

The Company's houses are exceptionally well built. The exterior walls are sheathed inside and out, and every possible precaution has been taken to

The prices and terms asked by the Company for the new houses are particularly attractive and reasonable, as the Company is not seeking monetary profit in erecting these dwellings, its chief object being to encourage settlement by desirable citizens on the reserve.

These homes can be purchased at practically what they cost to build plus fair present market value for the lots on which they are situated, and to responsible parties special terms are being granted.

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possible precaution has been taken to make them warm and comfortable so that economy can be effected in respect of fuel consumption.

(*1*) *H.B.C. "Brunswick" model.* (2) *"The Glencoe."* (*3*) *"The Tacoma."*

"Hoot, Mon"

LAND department curlers have been fortunate in obtaining ice at the Terminal rink for the coming season and are now eagerly awaiting hard ice, and some keen games in the competition for the land department cup are anticipated.

There will be seven rinks in action—five land department, one fur trade department, and one executive department. We are pleased to see that several of the ladies are going to help "swoop 'er up" with us again, and each anticipates having her name engraved on the cup in the winning rink.

Miss Kathleen Walsh underwent an operation on October 19th at the Misericordia hospital and is now convalescing.

Everyone will be sorry to hear of the departure of Miss Perilmuter, who left for an extended trip with her mother for Philadelphia after a service with the Company of three years.

WHOLESALE-DEPOT

General Manager C. W. Veysey returned October 24th from a business trip to England and looks very fit after the long journey.

It is with regret that we learn of the recent bereavement sustained by Mr. Vandrick, manager of the H.B.C. wholesale branch at Saskatoon, in the death of his father at Saskatoon on October 1st.

Gordon Caslake became a proud father on October 7th, Mr. Stork having paid a visit and left a baby boy, weight 9 pounds.

The sincere sympathy of the entire staff is extended to Joe Heiber in his recent sad bereavement.

The noon-hour cribbage friends played their 1000th game on Friday, the thirteenth. Jim now leads by 981 games, but Dan is a good loser, as befits one of the old Middlesex "die-hards."

Myrle Snider is away on a trip chasing the wily duck, or is it chickens?

CALGARY

WITH STORE COMMITTEE

THESE are the selling and non-selling representatives working with the store committee: Left to right standing—J. Borthwick; C. Hawkes; E. H. Montgomery; Lou Doll; G. Falwell; C. Curtis. Sitting—Mrs. C. Fyfe; Miss M. Hope; Miss E. Florence; W. Milner; Miss M. Bishop; Miss M. Mahaffey.

The Store Committee

IN a recent interview the general manager, Mr. Sparling, gave *The Beaver* some very interesting information on the work of the Calgary store committee.

This committee was formed in October, 1921. Since that time it has been functioning as a greater and greater factor in the store life. It was intended at the beginning to form a medium which would draw the store employees and the management into a closer touch, so that each would have a better and more sympathetic understanding with the other and that each would reap the benefit of the others' suggestions and advice.

The personnel of the committee is very representative, there being a member from each of the following general divisions of the store staff:

(1) department managers, (2) selling divisions, and (3) non-selling division.

These meet with a secretary representing the employees and the management jointly. The status of the committee is purely advisory, but it has been found that exceedingly beneficial results are obtained, inasmuch as the employees may easily, through their representative on the committee, lay their problems before the management in a direct manner and may also make suggestions along lines in which they are interested in the same way.

The vital principle of the plan lies in the fact that the general manager believes thoroughly in the value of this work. Following out this belief, he is laying before the committee not only their problems, but those of the store management as well. It has been found, moreover, that the employees' viewpoint and advice on these questions is valuable in connection with store problems as well as with problems purely their own.

As the committee grows in efficiency and usefulness, the management and the employees both find that the essential of success lies in the sincere and confident use of the advisory privileges of the different committee members and perhaps even more in the sympathetic co-operation of the store management.

The experience in Calgary to date has been that the store committee is one of the most important factors that has ever been instituted for the success of the organization as a whole, inasmuch as it makes for closer, more friendly and more understanding co-operation in the human organization on which the ultimate success of the store depends.

Members of the committee are elected for a period of three months, thus giving in the course of a year opportunity for a number of different members of the staff to participate in the work. Upon election, each member is presented with a store committee membership card bearing the *Seal of Quality* signed by the general manager and reading as follows:

Store Committee Membership Card

Your election evidences the faith of your fellow workers in you. To get the best from the work of the committee for them and for yourself, bring with you to each meeting for discussion new ideas to which everyone you represent has had opportunity to contribute. We trust your association with the store committee will be pleasant and helpful.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY,
General Manager.

The faith of the Calgary staff is pinned to its stores committee, and more and more it is coming to realize the wonderful scope of its usefulness in building success for the organization and for the individual members of the organization.

Fourth Floor News

John McGuire, for the past several years superintendent of the Calgary store, left the service of the Company October 7th. It is reported that he has gone to the coast.

Mr. Mason, credit manager, has returned from his holidays. It seems late to take a holiday, but Mr. Mason is a great lover of chicken and has also a nice shotgun he was anxious to try out, and the combination of the two proved strong enough to make him wait all summer before taking his vacation.

George Salter has recently returned from an extended trip in the East. He was accompanied by George Benson, and the two of them came back with splendid assortments of furniture, draperies and rugs.

Tube Room Notes

There's a mystery in the tube room! Miss Dolores Hannan is smiling all the time and we will not know what she is smiling about until the next issue of *The Beaver*.

Some of the staff have been very curious to know what is the meaning of the tube room motto, *nulli secundus*. For the benefit of these, the tube room scribe says that it can be roughly translated into "very peppy bunch."

The tube room staff wish to express their deepest sympathy for Miss Jean Davidson, now of the art needlework department, on the recent loss of her father.

Miss O'Grady, of Winnipeg retail, and Miss Mary Patton, of Calgary store, were joint hostesses at a miscellaneous shower at the Palliser hotel on Friday evening, October 13th, in honor of Miss B. Adams, whose marriage will take place in November. The bride-elect was the recipient of many pretty and useful gifts during the evening, at the close of which refreshments were served.

A very successful shower was given at the home of Miss Jean MacKay Wednesday evening, October 11th, in honor of Miss Bella Adams, whose marriage will take place shortly. A large number of the Calgary staff were present. Miss Adams has been in the Company's employ continuously since October, 1913, having risen from the position of clerk to that of buyer.

Messrs. Higgins, Hammond and Benson had a very pleasant shooting trip last month. Everything went beautifully until they were about seven miles from Midnapore, and incidentally the same distance from the nearest garage, when the car stopped. After examining each and every part of the car to find the trouble, George found he had no gas. And George walked those long seven miles and back before they could get the car to go!

Men's Rest Room

FOR some time the welfare association has been working on a rest room for men on the fifth floor. This has now been re-decorated and is being furnished for the comfort of those men who require a place to stay during lunch hour, especially in bad weather.

The room which formerly was used as a paint stock room on the fifth floor is the one furnished the welfare association by the management. Tables and chairs, furnished by the store, are now being moved in, and in a short time it is expected that a comfortable place will be available.

New Idea for "Display Cards"

A NEW idea in writing show cards was introduced in the Calgary store during September. Buyers of each department watch the magazines and trade journals for illustrations representing exactly the goods they wish to display. They cut these out carefully, in much the same manner as a child cuts out paper dolls, attach them to the orders for cards and send them to the card writer. Here they are mounted carefully on the regular display card along with the proper wording and, wherever possible, a little decoration in paint to make them appear to be printed on the card itself.

Mounted in this manner, they represent an unusual and very distinctive display, showing up beautifully in the windows and throughout the store.

Staff Orchestra

WE are to have music; although at present the plan has not progressed far enough to prophesy concerning how much and what kind.

Some time ago a movement was put on foot to interest the members of the staff who play orchestral instruments in forming an orchestra. The welfare association executive appointed a special committee with Mr. Mason as chairman to launch the plan. By doing a little publicity work and canvassing the committee was able to find about twenty members of the staff who are musicians.

The welfare association has arranged to furnish the orchestra with music and anything else necessary for its success which is within the power of the association, and opportunity was afforded through the kindness of Mr. Sparling for rehearsals to be held in the evenings in the rest room on floor four.

The first rehearsal was held Thursday evening, September 28th, for the purpose of organizing. Two other rehearsals have been held and satisfactory progress may be reported. Members are all ambitious to develop into a fine orchestra.

It was fortunate for the ultimate success of the organization that we have found among the staff members a man who is peculiarly well qualified to direct and instruct—O. J. Hughes of the city shipping department. Mr. Hughes has had many years of experience as instructor and director, and is able to give advice and assistance to players of nearly all orchestral instruments.

Calgary branch believes thoroughly in the value of a musical organization of this kind, and we are pushing hard for the success of the Calgary orchestra. We expect that before many months have passed we will be able to entertain visitors from other H.B.C. branches.

VICTORIA

A Motor Holiday

By F. W. GORE

WORK while you work, and when on your holidays holiday—that's my motto; so it was only natural, when I got my holidays on September 29th, I should start right off to enjoy them.

The car was put into commission, and Mrs. Gore and myself started for Portland. The journey was an interesting one, through miles and miles of orchards and farms, busy little villages and such interesting towns as Seattle, Tacoma and then Portland. From there we drove up the famous Columbia river highway to Hood river. This drive was particularly interesting. From Hood river we returned to Portland and from there drove to Salem, Oregon, and visited the Oregon state fair which was especially interesting. The exhibits of farm products and stock were most commendable.

In the large cities I paid trips of inquisitiveness to the stores, but I saw none that I liked better than our own, though I was particularly struck with the fact that the main aisles of the stores were not blocked by bargain tables. We motored more than 1000 miles, and I returned feeling very much better for my rest and absolute change.

ROUGH ON THE RATS

Boss of the boarding house—Good gracious! I found three big rats in the pantry. How in the world will I get rid of them?

Grouchy Boarder—Close the door on 'em and let 'em starve to death.

The Certainty of Payment

—is one of the unquestioned advantages of a modern Life Insurance Policy over any other form of protective investment. Life Insurance had its origin in the scientific study of the facts of human mortality. It does not gamble upon the probabilities of life of the individual, but works with certainty upon the laws of established averages.

Uninsured, you daily run a risk of leaving your dependents unprovided for. Insured, that possibility is changed into the certainty of receipt of a definite sum to cover their needs.

Write stating age at nearest birthday and we will send you rates and particulars of inexpensive policies suited to your requirements.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "D-30" Head Office: WINNIPEG

Ladies' Jazz Band

THE ladies' jazz orchestra, composed of a dozen or more members of the office staff, recently held its first practice of the season at the home of Miss Law. The instruments vary from a piano to a mouth organ, and rumor has it that the new Leslie Grossmith dance orchestra, to say nothing of our friend Beatie, will find much opposition this winter.

The evening, however, was not spent entirely in playing jazz music, for the hostess had very cleverly arranged a novelty supper which contributed largely to everyone's enjoyment. Ordering from the quaint little menus was a matter of keen speculation, for each item bore a strange, fictitious name, the results more often than not proving totally different from those expected. After supper more jazz and a few hilarious games which only the office girls know how to play.

Among the guests were: Misses K. Palmer, L. Zarelli, D. Oldershaw, J. Burridge, M. Durik, A. McKenzie, M. Johnson, E. Roff, S. Strange, M. Kermode and V. Plummer.

The following week the jazz band was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McBain, but as the chief attraction of the evening was eating corn on the cob, jazz music took a decidedly second place. We hope to hear further from this famous jazz band.

Athletics

THE Hudson's Bay athletic association will be well represented in all lines of sport this year. Following up their success in football, they have had their selection committee engaged in gathering material from the store to represent them at basketball, and their efforts so far have been crowned with good success.

They intend to field two teams and enter both the ladies' and the men's leagues. The selection of the men's team so far gives them an exceptionally good lineup to represent the big store. Many of the players have been engaged in the elimination series, and the results have proved very satisfactory to all members of the association, who eagerly follow every line of sport.

Captain P. N. A. Smith has been elected team manager, while G. Harris will again be captain, assisted by E. Pollock, E. Baylis, T. Sewell and B. Crawford.

Several good practices have been held, and the team is now in splendid shape waiting for the chance to show its real form.

The elimination series for the ladies' team is still to be held, and there is no doubt, judging by the keen interest displayed, they will be able to field at least two teams.

Miss J. Burridge, who is considered one of the stars of the game in this city, is devoting her time to the Bay team, and there is no doubt the game of basketball will receive every support from all members of the Hudson's Bay athletic association.

RECENT FOOTBALL RESULTS

Hudson's Bay	4
Work Point Garrison	3
Hudson's Bay	4
Fritz Eleven	0

BASKETBALL

Hudson's Bay	23
Onwego Bible Class	14

Miss Robb Surprised

In honor of her approaching marriage, Miss M. Robb was given a surprise shower on the evening of October 10th by a number of her friends at the store.

Besides receiving a number of pretty and useful gifts, Miss Robb was presented with a charming silver fruit tray by members of the millinery staff.

Among those present were: *Miss McLaren, Miss Young, Miss Flanagan, Mrs. Gleason, Miss Bradley, Mrs. Meighen, Miss Blakeway, Miss Arnall, Miss Carter and Miss Corkle.*

Miss Eadie (who then was) recently surprised many of her friends by changing her name to one which she evidently thought a little better than her own. We are sorry to see her go and we wish her an abundance of happiness.

Miss A. K. Smith and Messrs. W. H. Sharp, Sparling, Dale and Crump are still in the markets purchasing goods for their respective departments, and, in the two former instances, for the Company's entire chain of stores.

WIDOWS' AND OLD MAIDS' CORNER

An old maid, having overheard a little whispering about a suggested widows' and old maids' corner in *The Beaver*, sends the following contributions with the hope that others will take the hint and send in any items of interest, ideas or suggestions, social or personal, funny or otherwise, in prose or poetry. Here's a good starter:

SUITABLE

The Monument Man (after several suggestions)—How would simply "Gone Home" do?

Mrs. New Weeds—I think that would do all right; it was always the last place to which he ever thought of going.

Sympathy is the first attribute of love—as well as the last.

It is better to enjoy the good things of life than to be one.

A nervous maiden lady, not accustomed to travelling in sleeping cars, timidly asked the burly porter, "Oh, porter, where do I sleep?"

"What's the numbah of youah berth, ma'am?"

Sharply she eyed him, but he seemed very pleasant and quite inoffensive. "I don't see what that has to do with it, but if you must know, I was the third; there was a brother and a sister born before me!"

Messrs. Pout and Lovatt, after a shooting expedition to Otter Point on October 1st, brought home a 90-pound buck.

The following week our friend Stanhope went after grouse, and shot one!

Harry Ellis of the shipping department reports catching a 24-pound salmon off Broachy ledge. He almost landed a 26-pounder, and when asked afterwards how he knew its weight replied that he could tell by the scales it carried.

There have been numerous articles in *The Beaver* on the wonderful prowess of H.B.C. fishermen. We have numbers of gallant fishermen in the Victoria store. There is one who is justly famous. He has been fishing salmon regularly every Wednesday and Sunday for the past two months, and his catches range from six to ten salmon weighing from ten to twenty pounds each. This is the way he catches them—a motor boat and sturdy rod and lines with leader and spoon, he draws this along the *edge* of the water and *combs* them in. Guess his name.—*H. P.*

We all miss "Smoky" Wills of the tobacco department, who has left for a six months' visit to Tranquille sanitarium, and hope to see him back at the end of that time renewed in health and strength.

The toy department reports a great demand in dolls with Dutch cut hair. We presume that is why "Edie" has had her hair bobbed.

Miss Dawson of the china department has returned looking "jake" after her pleasant trip to Vancouver, Seattle and New Westminster (not the big house).

Why is Hibberd like a threshing machine? We believe the answer has something to do with the suggestion that it's because he takes lots of feeding; but anyway, ask any of the cooks!

R. S. Kinnear, who temporarily leaves the store owing to poor health, was presented with a gift of esteem by his fellow workers in the china and hardware departments.

We understand that while on his recent visit to Victoria our assistant stores commissioner enjoyed excellent shooting; but was the rabbit wild or tame?

KAMLOOPS

Welfare Association

A GENERAL meeting of the welfare association was held October 3rd in the ladies' rest room for the election of officers and planning of the winter's programme. The following were elected to office for the next six months:

Hon. presidents, J. S. Braidwood and J. M. Gibson, assistant stores commissioners, Winnipeg; *hon. vice-presidents,* A. E. Dodman and J. E. Andrews; *president,* A. MacDonald; *vice-president,* A. A. Milne; *secretary-treasurer,* Miss S. L. Cozens; *Chairman of social committee,* F. O. Ricketts; *members,* Miss W. Chadwick, Miss M. Muir, E. Booth A. M. Fowler. *Chairman of welfare committee,* Miss G. Sanderson; *members,* Miss M. E. Barr, Miss J. Dougans, H. Macnab, W. H. Madill.

The programme was discussed, and it was decided to have one social event every month; also a St. John's ambulance class to meet every second Tuesday.

Educational lectures will be held at stated periods, and after Christmas it is proposed to stage an amateur theatrical entertainment if an instructor can be obtained.

The girls' sewing circle has already held its first meeting and has arranged to meet every other Thursday at a member's home.

"The mannequins were our own"

Fall Style Show

THE store's autumn show of the authoritatively new in costumes and millinery took place early last month. The garment department was appropriately arranged with a raised dais for the style promenade and an elaborate display of new waists appeared among a profusion of floral and fern decorations.

The garments shown on the mannequins comprised a number of the newest creations as shown in the parlors of the leading designers of the world.

Altogether it may be said that Kamloops branch can be justly proud of the style event, which compared favorably with those staged by the larger stores.

The following ladies of the store's staff were the models: Miss Annie Sargent, Miss Mary Sargent, Miss Margaret Muir; also Miss Phyllis Andrews and Miss Constance Strevens, daughters of Messrs. Andrews and Strevens, respectively.

The first meeting of the girls' sewing circle was held at the home of Miss S. Cozens Sept. 28th, at eight o'clock, fifteen being present. During the evening the Misses W. Chadwick, F. Hewson, H. Whitelegg and M. Cozens entertained with selections on the piano. Refreshments were served at ten-thirty, after which all left, having spent a very pleasant time. The next meeting will be held at the home of the Misses Sargent. *Note*—Mr. Miller of the men's furnishings department has evidently joined the sewing circle and says they are very successful.

Holidays are nearly over, the last to leave being the accountant, A. MacDonald. Mr. MacDonald says that it does not make much difference when an accountant gets his; *any old time* is good enough for him.

Miss Whitelegg claims that she only wished that she had control of the Canadian National railways. She would see that they were always on time instead of being hours late and disappointing people. Never mind, Miss Whitelegg, it may never be late again.

St. John's Ambulance

THE present St. John's ambulance association was originated from the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Medieval legend tells us that this order was first instituted by certain wealthy merchants who founded a hospital in the Holy City for pilgrims and dedicated it to St. John the Baptist.

During the first crusade the head of this hospital earned the gratitude of the knights by nursing their wounded. Consequently, after the capture of Jerusalem, the crusaders did everything in their power to show their appreciation. The hospital was enlarged and donations of land and money were showered on the new establishment.

The order now consisted of knights whose duty was to take up arms in any holy cause, priests and those who did the nursing. From the time of the first crusade they took a regular part in all religious wars. But, owing to the privileges granted by the church and their ever-increasing wealth, the order was becoming very independent of the clergy. At length it practically broke away and became a military organization.

In the thirteenth century the order was driven from Palestine by the Turks. They captured the Island of Rhodes, however, and established themselves there. But from that time the organization commenced to deteriorate. At length, as things grew worse, headquarters were opened in England. It was then that the present St. John's ambulance association was first formed. The king is its head, and anyone performing a service for humanity receives a medal of appreciation. This association did its part nobly towards alleviating the suffering of our soldiers in the last great war.

Mr. Andrews has very kindly interested himself in forming a St. John's ambulance class for our staff and friends in Kamloops, and Doctor Willoughby of this city is to be in charge. The class is to consist of forty members, who will meet every second Tuesday.
—*E. D.*

EDMONTON

Department Manager's Sale

THIS annual event again proved a success from every standpoint. The entire arrangements were, as previously, given over to a committee elected by the various department managers with full authority from the general manager to run the sale unrestricted.

The committee elected at the meeting was as follows: *W. E. Johnson (chairman), J. Prest (advertising manager), C. Digney (display manager), Mr. Chasey and W. Briggs.* This committee had powers to elect various sub-committees to supervise various details.

Every day during the sale, 250 balloons were released from the observation tower, many bearing lucky numbers which entitled the holder to prizes valued from $1 to $5. The amount of prize money given each day was $25.

Young Edmonton was out in full force, and many were the novel conceptions employed to capture the balloons when they descended. Scores of kiddies resorted to long poles with gunny sacks and flour bags attached. The lucky numbers were announced in the daily papers the following day, the idea being to get all the children interested, with the parents of course, in looking through the advertisements each day to see if they held a lucky number.

It was evident that as the sale proceeded the crowds of kiddies increased, the majority no doubt being spurred on by the success of those who obtained lucky numbers.

Other H.B.C. stores might try this stunt as a business getter.

Social Topics

Miss Lillian Hardy of the mail order department was the recipient of a presentation of silverware suitably inscribed and a purse of gold upon her severing connections with H.B.C. Miss Hardy was for the past eleven years in charge of the mail order department.

Miss Hazel Barker is progressing favorably after her recent operation, and we trust that she will soon be back in her accustomed place in the store.

Miss Peterson has succeeded Miss Vera Solick, who recently left to be married, as assistant to W. Briggs, department manager of whitewear, blouses and children's wear.

P. A. Stone of the transfer desk will be sadly missed in the social activities of the store, having held the position of association president for the past two seasons. A keen sport enthusiast and splendid organizer in all the store social activities, his place will indeed be hard to fill. Mr. Stone left for Portland, Oregon, the early part of October.

Mr. Ross, floorwalker on the second floor, has been transferred to the furniture department.

Mr. Nevin, floorwalker on the main floor, has been transferred to the second floor.

Mr. Ballard, department manager of the ladies' ready-to-wear, left on an extended buying trip to eastern markets.

W. Briggs, department manager of the whitewear and children's wear departments, is away on sick leave. Latest reports say that he is progressing favourably.

We sincerely regret the departure of the following old-time employees: Messrs. Plowman, Edwards and Coghill, also Miss Bennet of the merchandise office and Miss Southen of the shipping room. Miss Hattie Stephens, Nurse McKenna, Miss A. Wright and Mrs. Morley have also severed their connections with the store.

The mail order department has been absorbed by the advertising department and will be operated under the jurisdiction of J. Prest, advertising manager, assisted by Miss E. Drew and Miss F. Fletcher.

We are pleased to welcome the following members to our store staff: Miss Noble to the corset department, Miss Kelly to the elevator staff, Miss Kirkwood to department 4, Mr. Bertles to the dispensary department, and W. W. Stephens in charge of the shipping room.

TALKING TURKEY

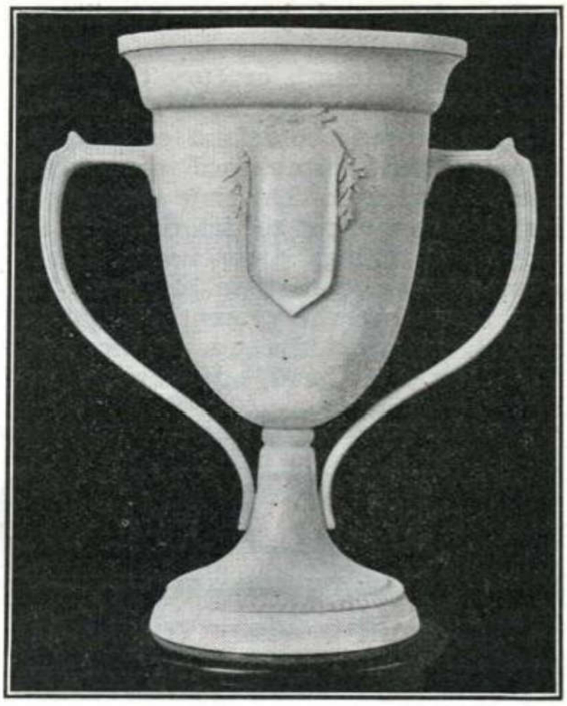
'Tis said that the Sultan is a prisoner in his own palace. Lots of us wouldn't mind being in the same position, judging by the palace and harem.

Wonder what a bird's-eye view of a harem looks like. Clem Digney and Bert Crockett state they are willing to take a blink.

Many of the men in the store are ready to volunteer for overseas. They want to take a peek into the harem—at least that's what a certain young lady in the toilet goods section was heard to say.

Talking about Turkey, why not give us all a fair chance to attack one on Thanksgiving Day?

By the way, talking about birds, several of our department managers, including W. Briggs, W. E. Johnston, Walker, Pallet, Mr. Cunningham (superintendent) and Mr. Munro (general manager) have gone chicken hunting. No, no—we mean the feathered variety. At the time of writing the result of the bag is not known, nor the fatalities.



Championship Cup, presented by H.B.C.

Basketball

AFTER a very successful season our girls were finally defeated by the government telephone head office, 17 to 4. The H.B.C. team were sadly handicapped by the loss of their two regular defense players. Following is the standing of the league:

Section A	P	W	L	D	Pts.
Alberta Govt. Telephones	8	7	1	0	14
South Side	8	6	2	0	12
Johnstone Walker	8	5	3	0	10
Provincial Govt.	8	1	7	0	2
Revillons	8	1	7	0	2

Section B	P	W	L	D	Pts.
Hudson's Bay Company	8	7	1	0	14
E. C. D.	8	6	2	0	12
Y. W. C. A.	8	3	5	0	6
A. G. T. Operators	8	2	5	1	5
Ramsey's	8	1	6	1	3

As goal getters we must hand it to our two "babies"—Ethel Soley and Gladys Barker. They're gems.

Doris Macleod is a real worker on the field of play.

Vera Solick Married

The whole store join in wishing Miss Vera Solick health, wealth and happiness in her future career. Upon the eve of her departure on a honeymoon trip to Banff and Calgary, she was presented by a host of her friends and fellow employees with a set of Community silver. After the wedding ceremony a buffet supper was served at the home of one of her girl friends, and during the week before a shower was given by Miss K. Stevenson at which a big party of her fellow employees assembled.

For the past eight years Vera has been one of our most trusted and competent employees, latterly acting as assistant to Mr. Briggs of the whitewear and children's sections.

Upon their return from Banff as Mr. and Mrs. F. Morrison they will reside in this city.

VANCOUVER

H.B.E.A. Social Section

By H. R. P. GANT (*Chairman*)

THE long winter nights will soon be with us, bringing thoughts of dances and whist drives. Arrangements have already been made to open the season with a dance on Wednesday, November 15th, at the B.C. manufacturers' auditorium, Granville street. This dance will be followed by another on December 13th, and also one on January 17th, 1923.

The social committee feel convinced that the choice of this central auditorium will bring satisfaction to all our members, and the co-operation of everyone is solicited to make this coming season a great success.

Our dramatic section is getting down to business in earnest, and from latest reports we are to be favored very shortly with a first-class entertainment. In a store such as we have in Vancouver there must exist quite a lot of hidden talent, and this dramatic section opens up wonderful opportunities for members dramatically and musically inclined.

Recent visitors to Vancouver included J. H. Gibson, stores commissioner from Winnipeg, and A. S. Woollard, advertising manager of the Company's store in Victoria.

Vancouver branch is always glad to greet employees of the Company, and hope that when you come to Vancouver you'll make yourselves known. All the facilities of the H.B.E.A. are at your disposal when here.

We are sorry to know that Mrs. McDermid, manager of the children's wear section, is confined to her home suffering from appendicitis.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING NEAR VANCOUVER

By Miss K. Morton

THERE'S hardly a reader of *The Beaver* but who knows that the scenery around Vancouver is second only to that of Banff and Lake Louise, but few there are who have seen it from Dam or Grouse mountain, and until that time no one can truly say that they've seen it from the best vantage point.

Hardly a week passes but that some of the Vancouver staff take a mountain climb, enjoying air that is unpolluted by fires and factories and seeing nature in all her grandeur.

On a Sunday in October we caught the 8.20 ferry to North Vancouver, and from there took the street car to the top of Lonsdale avenue, arriving at 9.30 a.m. From there we started up Grouse mountain, a trip fit for the gods and on a day when the sun beamed its brightest as if to compensate us for our trouble.

After an hour and three quarter's climb amidst some of the most wonderful scenery imaginable we reached the plateau of Grouse mountain, where we rested and lunched. We then continued our climb to the top of the mountain, just 4400 feet above sea level. The view of the city and suburbs from there was enchanting, and well repaid us for the climb. After resting for a while, we started, on our return journey, to cross over to Dam mountain, which is 5000 feet above sea level. Here one could hehold Mount Baker in all its glory.

The top of Dam mountain is just big enough to hold four people. Descending Dam is more difficult, and the nearer we approached to Goat ridge, the more difficult it became. We reached Goat ridge at 3 o'clock, and proceeded immediately on to Goat mountain, which at this point is very rocky and steep. As we approached the top of Goat, the side of the mountain seemed to form the shape of a stone chimney, and the only means we had of reaching it was by hauling ourselves up the few stunted trees that grow in this district. Although the same height as Dam mountain, the view from there was much more picturesque. On each side of us, and as far as the eye could reach, were ranges of snow-capped mountains, glistening in the sunlight like so many millions of diamonds. Right in front of us was Crown mountain, a sentinel as it were among the rest, rising to a height of 5500 feet.

To the side of us was beautiful Capilano valley, which has given many a writer an inspiration for verse, prose and song. From the top of Goat mountain there is a clear drop of 1000 feet to the ravine below.

As we crossed Goat we looked on to the beautiful Kennedy lake, the fisherman's paradise, and where many a 14-pound steelhead has defied his captor for an hour or more, until exhausted he has allowed himself to be pulled ashore.

It was 5 o'clock now, and we started for home, reaching Grouse mountain at 7.15. There we had supper and wended our way down the mountain in the dark, reaching home at 11 p.m., tired but enthusiastic over our outing.

Bouquets

LAST month the store was visited by three ladies from Alabama. They were returning from a trip to Alaska *en route* to Calgary. The store has a large number of transient customers, and there is nothing unusual in this visit—except for the expression of appreciation of store service which they were given.

Two of the ladies made individual purchases, taking the goods with them, whilst the third did her shopping on a transfer card, and the merchandise ordered from a number of departments was consigned to the Dominion Chautauqua, Lougheed Building, Calgary, Alta.

The ladies shopped partly in the morning, had lunch in the store and resumed their purchases afterwards. Before leaving they chatted with Miss Currie, manageress of the whitewear department, and mentioned that in every department they had visited they had been waited upon by courteous and efficient salespeople who seemed to anticipate their requirements, and that the service throughout the store was fully equal, if not superior, to any of the large Chicago departmental stores they had visited. We were very pleased to have these few words of appreciation and pass them on to our salespeople.—*G. H. Harrison.*

C. R. Greer, manager of the display department, has just returned from a visit to San Francisco, visiting *en route* Seattle and Portland. Not in his experience has he seen such a variety of beautiful windows as he saw on this trip, those of Frederick and Nelson in Seattle being especially beautiful. Altogether the trip was a very profitable one to him, he having seen a number of features which he'll be able to use advantageously for the Company.

That the good feeling which has always existed between the main and second floor is continuing is proven by the fact that B. M. Clarke, manager of the hosiery, glove and ribbon sections, has announced his engagement to Miss S. Grant, of the mantle section. This is one of the most popular engagements chronicled in this store. Both participants are particularly popular and have the very best wishes of the entire Vancouver staff.

Miss McKetchnie, saleswoman in the coat section, has joined the ranks of the "just married." Before leaving the store Miss S. Grant (one of her colleagues) gave a party on her behalf in her beautiful home in Point Grey. The house was tastefully decorated and the table set to represent bride and groom. The evening was spent with music, and during an interval Miss McKetchnie was the recipient of a case of beautiful silver, the gift of her fellow employees.

The elevator staff have donned their fall uniforms—a striking contrast to the uniform worn during the summer and a happy reminder to those who use the elevators that it's time for new clothes.

In a recent sale of butter held in Vancouver store, there were 2240 pounds sold in a day; this, too, when butter was selling three pounds for $1.22.

We are glad to receive into our midst V. G. Tufts, and hope that it will be only a very short time before he'll feel at home in the store. Mr. Tufts is a former T. Eaton employee and is already enjoying the glorious sunshine of Vancouver's Indian summer. He fills a place in the men's furnishings made vacant by one recently retired.

DOCTOR R. G. MACBETH HONORED

REVEREND R. G. MacBeth of Vancouver, formerly of the Red river country, received recently from Westminster Hall the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. This is one of the highest distinctions in the church, given in recognition of service to the church and the country.

Dr. MacBeth has been, through his people and by his own attitude, a life-long and consistent friend of the Hudson's Bay Company. When the 250th anniversary was to be celebrated in Vancouver, he was the unanimous choice for secretary of the citizens' committee, and he did much by voice and pen to give the event its proper historical setting. At the banquet to Sir Robert Kindersley, Dr. MacBeth spoke on "The Company's Place in History." He is usually present at Hudson's Bay functions, and Mr. Lockyer says he is "one of the family."

Dr. MacBeth has written several historical works of importance on the West. His "Romance of Western Canada" is history at first hand, and his "Policing the Plains" is considered an authoritative work on the famous force in scarlet and gold—the Mounted Police.

Standardization

H. B. C. Stores Administration Institute Uniformity of Manufacture—Collective Buying and Selling—Standard Advertising—for 35 Staple Lines

STANDARDIZATION was effected this year by the H.B.C. stores administration on some thirty-five lines of staple merchandise, *i.e.*, blankets, hosiery, underwear, gloves, ribbons, sheetings, comforters and wool and cotton piece goods.

Arrangements were made early in the year for the production of these lines to match samples decided upon by the purchasing division of the stores administration. The most reliable factories and mills in Great Britain and Canada were selected to manufacture the goods under the Hudson's Bay Company's own registered labels. Samples were submitted through the H.B.C. European sample rooms at Calgary and department managers from the various stores of the Company there placed orders for the standardized goods on a collective buying basis.

Meanwhile, standardized illustrations and descriptive matter covering the lines were being prepared at Winnipeg head office, and a complete set of this uniform advertising material was supplied to each of the Company's eleven department stores for newspaper publicity and mail bulletins.

A few examples of the standardized advertisements are reproduced on the following pages to acquaint employees throughout the service with what is being done along these lines. The advertisements are not here published for selling purposes. A complete list of the Seal-of-Quality lines standardized to date by the Company for selling in all its department stores is as follows:

HUDSON'S BAY POINT BLANKETS
HUDSON'S BAY POINT BLANKET COATS for men and women.
"FACTOR" Brand Overalls
"FACTOR" Brand Work Shirts
"GREEN ISLE" Brand Sheets
ENGLISH CAPE Gloves
"FLANATEX" Flannelette
"VELVAWEAVE" Flannelette
"NANSOIE" Nainsook
"ROMASATIN" Sateen
"IMPERIAL" Velvet
"QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD" Pillow Cases
"IMPERIAL" Silks
"TROUSSEAU CLOTH" Madapolam
OUR LEADER Sheeting
"PRIDE O' THE MOORS" Blankets
"STURDY LAD" Boys' Hose
IMPERIAL NAVY Serges
"OLD ERIN" Brand Handkerchiefs
"HUDSONIA" Ribbon
"IMPERIAL DUCHESS" Ribbon
"SLUMBERDOWN" Comforters
"BALMORAL" Brand Blankets
"HUDSONIA" Hose
"IMPERIAL" Brand Hose
"OTTER" Brand Socks
"BEAVER" Brand Socks
"WEARESISTA" Hose
"HUDSONIA" Gloves
"EMPRESS" Gloves
GREEN LABEL Underwear
RED LABEL Underwear
BLUE LABEL Underwear
GOLD LABEL Underwear
"LAMAFLEECE" Underwear

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY
"HUDSONIA" Brand
TAFFETA RIBBONS

"Hudsonia"

Taffeta

RIBBON

ALL silk imported taffeta ribbon in a fine even weave, made especially for the Hudson's Bay Company. Offered in every desired width, from baby ribbon up to the wide hair or sash ribbon. By reason of our large purchasing power in ribbons and selling at eleven stores, "HUDSONIA" represents one of the greatest values obtainable. Black, white and every wanted shade.

A HUDSON'S BAY
STANDARDIZED LINE

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY
"ROMASATIN"
The IDEAL COTTON LINING

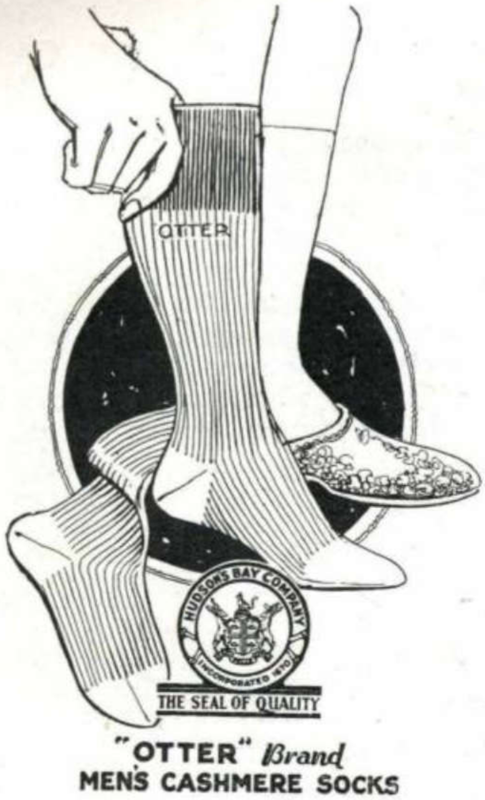
Seal of Quality

"Romasatin"

(SATEEN)

A MERCERIZED sateen with beautiful satin finish. The weave is unusually fine and even. No dressing. Romasatin is of a good medium weight and is splendidly adapted for all purposes to which plain sateens are suited. Black and every wanted color. 30 inches wide, per yard **50c.**

A HUDSON'S BAY
STANDARDIZED LINE


OTTER
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY
"OTTER" Brand
MEN'S CASHMERE SOCKS

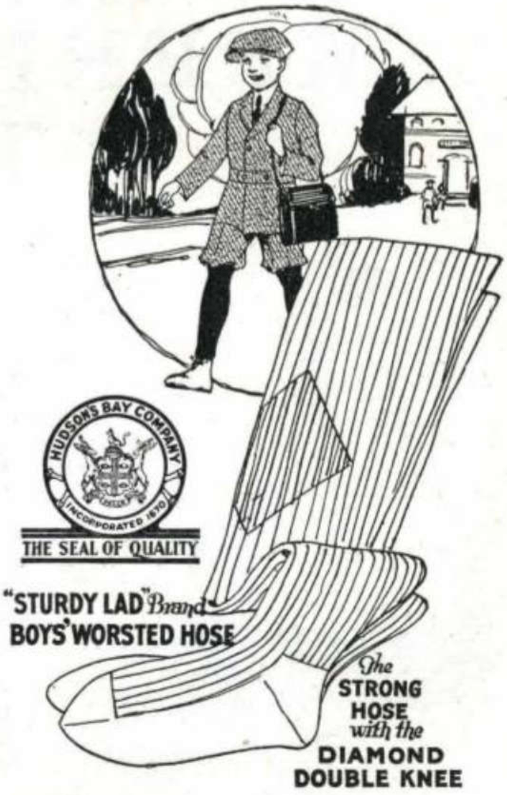
"Otter" Brand

Men's Cashmere

SOCKS

ALL pure wool cashmere socks from a famous English maker. Good heavy weight. Made with seamless feet and elastic ribbed tops. "Otter" brand is durable and has the appearance to satisfy the most critical buyer. They are unshrinkable and the Company's confidence in these goods is your safeguard. Offered in black, white, brown and other desired shades. Sizes 9½ to 11. Unusually good value. Obtainable only at H.B.C. stores. Per pair.......... **75c.**

A HUDSON'S BAY
STANDARDIZED LINE


HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY
"STURDY LAD" Brand
BOYS' WORSTED HOSE
The STRONG HOSE with the DIAMOND DOUBLE KNEE

"Sturdy Lad"

BOYS' BLACK

Worsted Hose

BUILT extra strong for "real boys." Knitted of pure worsted yarns in a heavy rib; equipped with the diamond double knee. Neatly finished top. All wearing parts are extra spliced. "Sturdy Lad" is the hose especially designed and made for the growing boy at school. A better value would be difficult to find. Their warmth and wear is unequalled. Note these low prices:

Size	*Price*
7 to 9	$ .75
9½ to 10	.85
10½ to 11	1.00

A HUDSON'S BAY
STANDARDIZED LINE

SEAL OF QUALITY

"IMPERIAL" SILKS

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY
TAFFETA SILK
"IMPERIAL"

THE Company has standardized throughout its chain of eleven department stores two lines each of Black Duchess Satin, and Black Taffeta Silks. Products of the world's greatest mills were painstakingly reviewed and the Company is able to offer these lines as being the supreme values in their respective fields. Look for the name "Imperial" and the Seal of Quality when you go to buy silk or satin. Make certain of satisfaction.

Duchess "Imperial" No. 2 is a rich lustrous black satin made of pure silk. Good serviceable weight and very durable. 38 inches wide. Per yard....$2.75

Duchess "Imperial" No. 1 is a heavier weight pure silk in a rich lustrous black. 38 inches wide. Per yard..............$3.50

Taffeta "Imperial" No. 2 is a superior chiffon finish, pure silk taffeta of good weight. Fine even weave and beautiful finish. A quality we recommend to give most satisfactory wear. 35 inches wide. Per yard....$2.50

Taffeta "Imperial" No. 1 is a superfine quality fine silk taffeta. Soft finish. Rich jet black. Warranted to wear satisfactorily. 38 inches wide. Per yard..............$3.00

"Nansoie"

THE IDEAL ENGLISH NAINSOOK

PREFERRED for the finest lingerie or baby wear because of its soft, silky finish. "Nansoie" brand makes underthings of a beauty and lasting quality quite out of the ordinary. The close, even weave of the cloth is a feature. Women will wonder why it is so inexpensive, but our great buying power and extensive sales in eleven stores are the explanation.

per yard

"Nansoie" Fine, 36 inches wide..............35c.

"Nansoie" Superfine 36 inches wide..............50c.

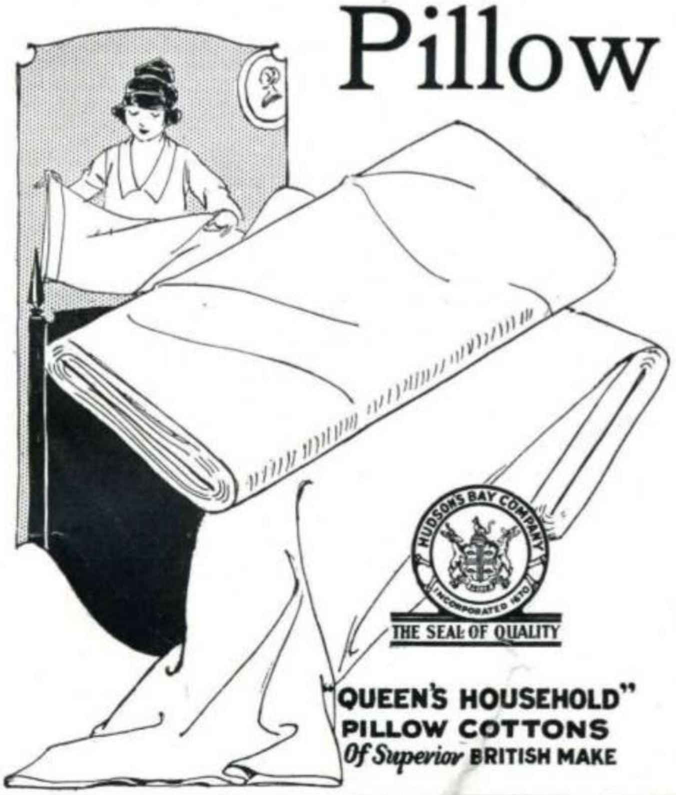
A HUDSON'S BAY
STANDARDIZED LINE

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY
"NAINSOIE"
for
LINGERIE and BABY WEAR

"QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD" *Brand*

Pillow Tubing

ENGLISH MADE


HUDSONS BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY
"QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD"
PILLOW COTTONS
Of Superior BRITISH MAKE

FULL bleached English, circular pillow cotton, of a superior even weave. Warranted free from dressing. This excellent cloth launders well and has most satisfactory wearing qualities. Offered in widths 40, 42 or 44 inches.

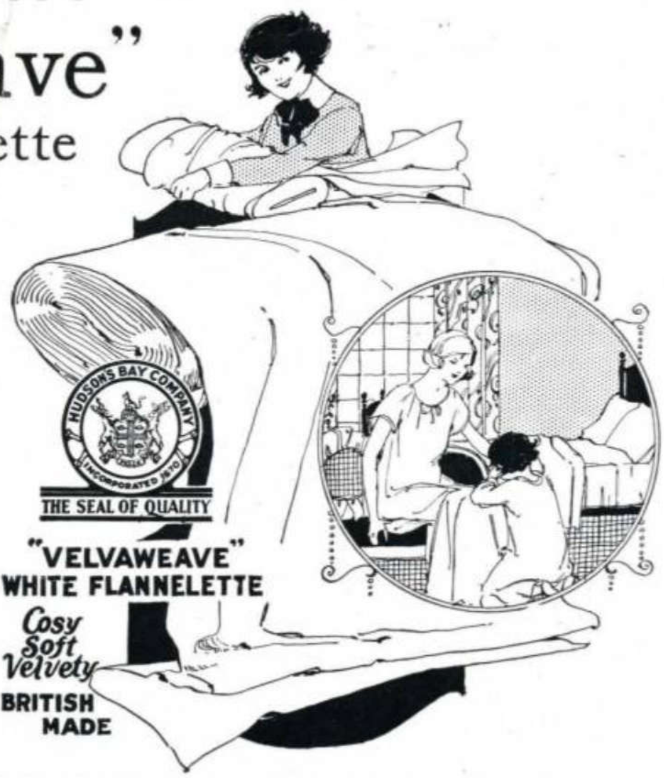
Per yard only............ **65c.**

A HUDSON'S BAY STANDARDIZED LINE

SEAL OF QUALITY

"Velvaweave"

White Flannelette


HUDSONS BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY
"VELVAWEAVE"
WHITE FLANNELETTE
Cosy Soft Velvety
BRITISH MADE

SNOWY white English flannelette in a superior heavy quality with that soft velvety finish equal to the best obtainable in pre-war days. It is a yard wide. Excellent wearing quality. An ideal cloth for women's and children's wear, for men's night robes, etc. Be sure and see the name on the selvedge. Our contract with the mill for close to 50,000 yards of Velvaweave enables us to offer this remarkable value at

Per yard....... **35c.**

A HUDSON'S BAY STANDARDIZED LINE

H.B.C. STANDARDIZED Branded Merchandise

Bearing the "Seal of Quality" Label

IN keeping with our traditional policy of giving a greater measure of service in merchandise to the public of Canada, we have standardized many lines of staple goods throughout the chain of eleven departmental stores which the Company operates in the west.

The goods so standardized are being handled on a large scale at a low margin of profit. They are the best that leading mills and factories produce; made to the Company's own rigid specifications; certain to be of high quality; purchased by reason of the Company's great buying power at low quantity prices, and passed along to you at economy figures.

Marked with the "Seal of Quality," this merchandise represents the highest standard of value in the Dominion. The lines are carried at all Hudson's Bay Company's stores and priced the same throughout the chain.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670